

M^r HOBBS'S

State of Nature

Considered, In a

Dialogue

BETWEEN

Philantus and Timotby.

To which are Added

FIVE LETTERS

From the AUTHOR of the

GROUNDS, and OCCASI-

ONS of the CONTEMPT

OF THE

CLERGY,

London, Printed by E. T. and R. H. for
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M. HOBBS

State of Nature

Considered, in a

Dialogue

BETWEEN

Philosophy and Common Sense

To which are added

FIVE LETTERS

From the Author to the

Readers of the

Journal of the

Philosophical

Transactions

LONDON: Printed by J. B. Smith, at the

Printers, in the Strand, 1773.

MS. A. 1. 1. 1.

To the most Reverend Fa-
ther in God, GILBERT
by Divine Providence
Lord Archbishop of CAN-
TERBURY, PRIMATE
of all England and Me-
TROPOLITAN: and one of
His MAJESTIES most
Honourable Privy Coun-
cil, &c.

May it please your Grace,



Although for ve-
veral reasons I
ought in duty to
lay all my en-
deavours at your Graces

A 2 feet,

The Epistle

fect, and beg your acceptance of them; yet I was the more encourag'd to make this address, because the subject seemes naturally to have recourse to your *Graces* Protection. For the same *Divine Providence* that has made your *Grace Father* of the *Church*, has made you also *Guardian* of *Humane Nature*. Which (as your *Grace* well knows) has been so vilely aspersed and persecuted by our *Adversarie's* malicious suggestions, that he

Dedictory.

he is willing indeed to suffer such a word as *man* still to remain amongst us, but what was alwayes meant, and design'd thereby, he has endeavoured to chase quite out of the world. The vindication therefore of *Humane Nature* could not but seek for protection from that *great example* of *humanity*; whose constant practice doth alone abundantly confute all the *slanderers* of *mankind*.

If Mr. *Hobbs* had been pleased to have given on-

The Epistle

ly a History or Roll of the unjust or unfaithfull; there would not then have been such occasion to importune your Graces favouring such attempts as this. But when he teaches that cheating is not only according to *reason*, but that it is the first principle and dictate thereof; for the very credit of being on *reason's* side, people shall count themselves engaged to be *Knaves*. And therefore I have presumed to offer to your Graces Patronage this
small

Dedictory.

small discourse: wherein I have endeavoured to shew that those that are wicked and unrighteous are not such by *Reason*, or any advice of *Humane Nature*, but onely because they have a mind to be so. And I am not altogether discourag'd from thinking, that by this consideration of Mr. *Hobbs's State of Nature*, and my *Introduction* thereunto it may appear to your *Grace*, that it would not have been an impossible thing to have

A 4 said

The Epistle

said somewhat to the rest of his *writings*, wherein he differs from what is generally believed. But for me to go about to inform your *Grace* of the folly or inconveniences of Mr *Hobbs's* principles, would be next unto his undertaking to read lectures to all mankind.

Your *Grace* cannot but understand, that the matters insisted on in this *Dialogue*, have been often recommended to the protection of great *Persons*, and by

Dedictory.

by those of *eminent worth*
and *Learning*: and if there
be any reason demanded
why this comes so late
from me; I have nothing
to offer in excuse, either
to your *Grace*, or those
that writ before me. But
yet however from some
experience of your *Graces*
favours towards me, what
I have performed, I hope
may not be altogether re-
jected: notwithstanding
the manner of it; being
to appearance not so grave
and solid, does a little dis-
hearten

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hearten me. But, since
Mr. *Hobbs* by affected
garbs of speech, by a
starch'd Mathematical me-
thod, by counterfeit ap-
pearances of novelty and
singularity, by magisteri-
al haughtinesse, confidence
and the like had cheated
some people into a vast
opinion of himself, and
into a beliefe of things ve-
ry dangerous and false; I
did presume, with your
Graces pardon, to think
his *writings* so fond and
extravagant, as not to me-
rit

Dedictory.

fit being opposed in good earnest: and thereupon I was very loth to give them too much respect, and add undue weight to them by a solemn and serious confutation. And I hope my *Dialogue* will not find the less acceptance with your *Grace* for those *Letters* which follow after; for although some are loth to believe the first *Letters* to be innocent and useful (being a little troublesome and uneasy to their own humour) yet your *Grace*,

The Epistle

I hope, is satisfied that the *Author* of them, did heartily therein study the credit and advantage of the *Church*, and that our *Clergy* would certainly be better reputed and more serviceable, were it possible they all could be, as learned and as bountiful as your *Grace*. What I have now perform'd, I humbly submit to your *Graces* favourable judgement; desiring that it may be accepted of, as an expression of most dutyfull
and

Dedictory.

and gratefull obfervance
from

your *Graces*

in all Duty

and Service

moft devoted.

Decemb. 20.
1671.

J. E.

Belmont.

and grateful observance
from

Your Obedient

in all Duty

and Service

most devoted.

Decemb. 20.

1871.

J. E.



THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

Reader,

T*He design of this
Preface is not
to advise, or
encourage thee
to read what follows; for I
should not take it well my
self*

The Epistle

self to be so drawn in: but
if thou chancest to look into
it, and be not already ac-
quainted with Mr. Hobbs's
state of nature this is to let
thee know, that thereby is
to be understood a certain sup-
posed time, in which it was
just and lawful for every
man to hang, draw, and quar-
ter, whom he pleased, when
he pleased, and after what
manner he pleased; and to
get, possess, use and enjoy
whatever he had a mind to:
And the reason of this so large
a Charter, was because it was
suppo-

to the Redaer.

supposed that these people had not as yet any ways abridged themselves of their utmost liberty, by any voluntary bargains, or agreements amongst themselves; neither could they be restrained by any Humane Laws; because the Magistrate was not as yet chosen.

In this Dialogue therefore (because Mr. Hobbs shall not say that I am stingy) thou wilt find, Reader, that with him I have allowed (though there's very small reason for't) such

a

a

The Epistle

a time or state, wherein
people came into the World
(after his own humour)
without being obliged either
to God, Parents, Friends,
Midwives, or Publick Ma-
gistrate, and yet notwith-
standing I have endeavoured
to make out (how far or how
well that's no matter) that
those that are feigned to be
in this condition, have all
such a natural right to their
own lives, and what is there-
unto convenient, that it is
perfectly unjust and unrea-
sonable for any one of them

to

to the Reader.

to take his utmost advantage,
and to do whatever he thinks
he is able, or pleases him
best.

Thou mightest possibly ex-
pect, after I had given each
of the four Inhabitants of
the Isle of Pines a right to
the fourth part (which thou
dost not deserve to under-
stand unless thou readeſt the
Book) that I ſhould have
proceeded, and ſet out eve-
ry man's ſhare: and ſo have
answered to Mr. Hobbs's
ſixth Article, Cap. 1. de
Cive: Wherein he ſaies,

a 2 that

The Epistle

that a great and necessary occasion of quarrelling and war is, that several men oftentimes have a desire to the same thing ; which thing if it happens not to be capable of being divided , or enjoyed in Common , they must needs draw and fight for't : Instead of which , he should have said ; if these men chanced to be mad , or void of reason , it is possible they may fight for't : For being that every one of them have an equal right to this same , that is in controversie , they
may

to the Reader.

may either compound for it
as to its value, or decide
it by Lot, or some other
way that reason may direct
(which is a Law of reason
and humane Nature, and
not meerly positive, because
it is in Law Books.)

Neither did I proceed to
shew what kind of Govern-
ment they fix'd upon; or how
long they continued in that
even condition; or how
every one of them thrived.
For perhaps before the year
ran round, Roger might
fiddle, or game away all his
Estate;

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Estate ; or his Cattle might
all dy, and he forc'd to sell
Land to get more Stock.
Neither have I told you
what was Tumbler's first
Complement to Towser,
nor what was Towser's re-
party ; nor whether they
bow'd only half way, or
down to the ground ; nor
which leg the one and t'other
drew back. Which, had I in-
tended an absolute discourse,
should not have been omitted.
All that I shall venture to
say is this, that I hope it
may appear to three or four,
(for

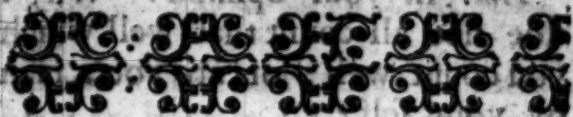
to the Reader.

(for I durst not presume to
convert many) that Mr.
Hobbs is not such a great
discoverer and afforder of
new things as his own Pre-
faces and his Titles to
Books would make thee be-
lieve: Neither is he so
great a dispeller of clouds,
but that thou mayst buy an
ell of them under a Mark.
Neither is Humane Na-
ture (or reason) so very vile
and raskally, as he writes
his own to be, nor his ac-
count of it altogether so de-
monstrative, as Euclid.

There's

The Epistle, &c.

There's nothing now want-
ing, Reader, but only to
give thee a hundred and fif-
ty reasons why I writ this;
and tell thee of most wonder-
ful things that happen'd, or
else it had been much better.
Thou mayst read on, if thou
pleasest: if thou wilt not,
thou mayst let it alone; how-
ever thou art heartily well-
come thus far.



A Dialogue

BETWEEN

Timothy and *Philantus*:

Tim. **W**ELL met *Philantus*,
how does your best
self this morning:

What, stout and hearty?

Phi. I take care of my self, *Sir*,
my body is pretty well, I thank
you.

Tim. Then all is well, I sup-
pose.

Phi. Yes truly in my opinion, all
is well, when that is so.

B

Tim

Tim. In your opinion? Why :
doe not all count that well which
you count well : or are you a man
by your self?

Phi. I am just what you see me
to be. But some people I find, have
two *men* to take care of; an *out-
ward man*, and an *inward man*: for
my part, I am able to maintain but
one; and if I can shift it, that shall
take no hurt, for want of look-
ing after. But I begg your pardon,
Sir, for I know you not.

Tim. No matter for that : come,
shall we take a turn or two in the
Walks?

Phi. No, I thank you, unless I
knew your tricks better : you may
chance to get behind me, and bite
me by the Legs. Let them take a
turn with you that have not search'd
into the *fundamental Laws of hu-
mane nature*, and the *first rise
of Cities and Societies*. I know bet-
ter things than to trust my self
with one that I never saw before.
I have but one *body*, and I de-
sire

fire to carry it home all to my chamber.

Tim. You had better I profess, have no body at all; or compound to be kick'd and beaten twice a day; than to be thus dismally tortur'd, and solicitous about an old rotten carcase.

Phi. Come, come: you talk like a young man. Let me tell you the body is a very precious thing: and when you can make me believe otherwise, who have pois'd Kingdoms, counted up all the advantages of bodily strength, and am thoroughly acquainted with all the humours and passions of mankind, then will I stay with you, and venture a kicking. And so farewell.

Tim. I beseech you, Sir, stay a little: upon my honour I intend nothing but a walk, and civill discourse.

Phi. I know no honour any man has but an acknowledgement of his power and greatness: So that all the security that I have that you will

not injure me is, that you can certainly do it, if you have a mind to. And therefore, I pray, doe so much as take your *honour* along with you into that other walk, or else I shall crie out *murder*. I don't care for trusting my self with *unknown honour*.

Tim. Then as I am a *Gentleman*, and my name is *Timothy*, I doe not intend you the least mischief.

Pbi. What, *Sir*, doe you take me for a fool? doe not I know that a *Gentleman* is one that keeps a man to quarrel, fight, beat and abuse? You must not think to catch old Birds with Chaffins. And therefore once more farewell M^r *Timothy*, if your name be so called.

Tim. I pray, *Sir*, be not gone yet; upon my *honesty* and as I am a *Christian* you shall suffer no hurt.

Pbi. Now indeed you have mended the business much: what, is there ever an *Act* of *Parliament* against your beating me particular-

ly? and if there be, where's the
Constable, to put it in executi-
on?

Tim. Well: I see I must discover
my self, nor nothing is to be done
I am, *Sir*, to put you out of all
doubt then, a relation of a great
friend of yours. Doe you know
this Picture, *Sir*?

Phi. Indeed I think I did once
most see some such thing or some-
thing a little like it, in his study, a
great while ago, if my eyes, memo-
ry, and the rest of my faculties doe
not fail me.

Tim. So then, now I hope you
are past all fears. Therefore if
you will, we'll walk towards *Lamb's*
Conduit: there's better aire.

Phi. I profess, *Sir*, you make me
shake most horribly. There's a word
indeed next one's heart I much
question whether I shall eat again
these two dayes. If you'll forbear
all such language, and keep close to
your own side, and not look be-
hind you, I'll venture to take two

or three times with you: otherwise I shall leave your company forthwith.

Tim. Most certainly, *Philantus*; you are the most wary, mistrustful and suspicious creature, now living upon the face of the whole earth.

Phi. I thank my Stars, I have had some time to look into *Histories*: and I have made some *observations* of my own: and I find they very much tend to my good and wellfare. In short, I think I know as well as another, what *man* can do, and what is his *full value*.

Tim. Surely you are not made of the ordinary *mortal mould*; but of some peculiar *thin and brittle stuff*; or else you would never talk thus.

Phi. Your pleasure for that. I only say what I said before; I think, I know what is that which all wise men ought to cherish, refresh, make much of, love and regard.

Tim. Still, *Philantus*, I understand you

you not. What, have you been often affronted, abused, choused, tropan'd, flung down stairs, tossed in a blanket——

Phi. No, I'll assure thee, *Tim.* I have alwayes kept (as they say) out of *harm's way*, as much as could be: especially since I studied *morals*, and understood the *true price* of a *whole man*.

Tim. What should be the business then? is it that you are descended of some very *timorous* family; or was your *mother* buried alive, with two *sucking children*? Come, *Sir*, be free: for I am confident there must be some occasion or other of this so very great jealousy, and mistrustfullness of yours.

Phi. Then as a secret, *Tim*, I must tell thee, that men naturally are all *ravenous* and *currish*, of a very *snarling* and *biting* nature; to be short, they are in themselves mere *Wolves*, *Tygers* and *Centaures*.

Tim. Heavens forbid! what are you and I *Wolves*, *Tygers* and *Centaures*.

Phi. You may start at it for the present, but when you have read as much, observ'd as much, and considered as much, as I, you'll find it to be as true, as that I have a pair of books.

Tim. Methinks honest *Tim* has no mind at all to be a *Centaure*; he had much rather be a *sheep*, a *Pigeon*, a *Lark* or any such pretty tame thing, if you can afford it. And now in the name of all that's good, I hope you doe not mistake and call that *humane nature* in generall, which is only your own; measuring all moral actions thereby, and pronouncing that all mens *teeth* are very long and sharp, because you find your own to be so.

Phi. Why should you suspect me to be more peevish, surly, and worse natur'd than other men, and so recommend or impose my own temper and inclinations upon the *world* as a general standard?

Tim. I am very loath, *Philadelp*,
to

to accuse any man of *bad nature*; it
 being such a great bundle of *mis-*
chief in it self, and so very trouble-
 some to the *Comon-wealth*. But when
 I find one so very tender and studi-
 ous of his own wellfare and plea-
 sure, so little concern'd for any mans
 good but his own, so great an ad-
 mirer of his own humour and opi-
 nions, so ready to call things *demon-*
strations that doe not at all, or
 very weakly prove, and so apt to
 vilifie and undervalue, to hate and
 raile at three quarters of the *Crea-*
tion, (if they stand in his way and
 give him not due honour and re-
 spect) I am very much afraid that
 such an one when he comes to talk
 of the general disposition of man's
 kind, of the best and most *fundam-*
ental lawes of life, *gouvernement* and
Religion, will consult a little too
 much his own sweet *Elephants tooth*,
 and the wamblings of his own dear
homely *world* to *know*
 as *Phil* I shall not now stand to vin-
 dicate, much less boast of my own
 temper.

temper. It is well known that I have kept company with *Gentlemen*, and *Persons of Honour*; and they are able to judge what humour and carriage is decent and allowable better than all the *Timothies* in the *Nation*. I prethee, *Tim*, What's the difference between a *Bustard* and a *Chevin*?

Tim. I love our *Nation*, and all men in it so well, that I wish they had given you less entertainment; it had been more for their *honour* and *credit*; and the good of this *Realm*.

Phi. That is somewhat enviously said. I hope you'll give people leave to keep the best and most improving *Company*: Would you have them die in mistakes, and not listen to those that lay down the plainest *Truths*, give best proof of them, and in the purest *English*.

Tim. Nay, hold you there; be not proud of your *company*, *Prose-lyter* and *discoveries*: for I scarce know one *person* of sobriety and parts in the whole *Nation*, that is heartily of your opinion, in any thing

thing wherein you differ from what is commonly taught and received: for most of those that talk over those places of your *Books*, wherein you are singular, do it either out of *humour*, or because they are already *debauch'd*, or intend to be so, as soon as they can shake off all *modesty* and *good nature*, and can furnish themselves with some of your little *slender Philosophical pretences* to be *wicked*.

Phil. Then indeed I have spent my time finely; and studied to much purpose. But methinks, *Tim*, thou art very peremptory for one of thy years. It becomes *gray haires*, and a *staff* to lean on, to be thus dogmatical.

Tim. I care not for that; for if need be, I can be peremptory and dogmatical without a *staff*; especially when I meet with one that is so incurably immodest.

Phil. What then, will you maintain that I have discovered nothing at all? Is nothing true that I have said

said in my several *Books*; I am sure my *Works* have sold very well; and have been generally read and admir'd. And I know what *Mersennus* and *Gassendus* have said concerning my *Book de Cive*; but I shall not speak of that now.

Tim. And, to say nothing now of *Mersennus*: I know what people have said of *Gassendus*; but I shall let that go also now.

Phi. But surely you cannot deny but there is somewhat true and considerable in my Writings.

Tim. O doubtless a great deal of them is true; but that which is so, is none of yours; but common acknowledged things new phrased, and trim'd up with the words power, fear, City, transferring of right, and the like; and such is most of that part of your *Book*, called *Dominion*; which chiefly consists of such things as have been said these thousand years, and would follow from any other Principles, as well as yours.

Phi. You may talk what you will, and

and if I were sure you would not beat me, I'd tell you right down that you lye.

Tim. Do so; that's as good for me as your humble servant: but I go on, and say, that *Monarchy is the best Government*; that it is the duty of *Princes to respect the common benefit of many, not the peculiar interest of this or that man*; that *Eloquence without discretion is troublesome in a Common-wealth*; that he that has power to make *Laws*, should take care to have them known; that to have *Souldiers, Arms, Garrisons, and money in readinesse in times of Peace* is necessary for the peoples defence, and a thousand such things I might repeat out of the forementioned place, which were true many Ages before *Philantus* was born, and will be, let a man be *Zaïre* or not, *Mouffe* or *Lion*. But it is an easie matter to scatter up and down some little insinuations of the *state of nature, self preservation, and such like fundamental phrases*, which to those that

that do but little attend, shall seem to make all hang close together.

Phi. Why do you only say *seem*, &c? I perceive now that you are not only very confident, but spiteful too, and have a mind to lessen my credit.

Tim. No indeed; I do not envy you in the least; but I very much wonder at those that will disparage themselves so much, as to be led away with any such small and manifest cheats: and if you'll promise me not to be dejected (which I think I need not much fear; for I never knew a man so much beyond all humiliation in my life;) I'll briefly shew you the chief of those things, by which you became famous. But hold, *Sir*, we forgot to look underneath the *bench*; there may lie a *Wolf* that may quite spoil us.

Phi. Say you so?

Tim. Come, come, *Sir*, no hurt at all: I pray sit down again: I had only a mind to see how nimble you were; I perceive you jump ve-
ry

ry well for an *old man*; and therefore I proceed, and say in the first place, that one way by which you got a kind of a name amongst some easie sort of people, was by crowding into your *Book* all that you could pick out of *Civil Law, Politicks, and Morals*: and then jumbling all together (as was before hinted) with frequent mention of *power, fear, self defence*, and the like; as if it had been all your own.

Phi. This is very pertly said, if you could make it good.

Tim. 'Tis so very plain, as I need not: however if any body doubts of it, let him but read over your eighth and ninth Chapters of *Dominion*, which contain the *Rights of Lords over their servants*, and of *Parents over their children*; and if he find any thing considerable more than what is commonly delivered in the ordinary *Civil Law-Books* upon that occasion, *viz. de potestate Patrum & Dominorum* (except it be that a great Family is a Kingdom, and

a little Kingdom a Family) I'll become an earnest spreader of your fame, and have you recorded for a great discoverer. And so in like manner it might be easily shewn, how all the rest (so much of it as is true) is the very same with the old plain *Dunstable* stuff that commonly occurs in those that have treated of *Policy* and *Morality*: in so much, that I do not question, but that poor despicable *Eustachius* may come in for a good share. Now, *Philautus*, because it has so happened that some young Gentlemen have not been at leisure to look much into *Machiavel*, *Justinian*, and such like *Books*; but yet, for no good reasons have been tempted to read yours; these presently are ready to pronounce you the prodigy of the Age, and as very a deviser, as if you had found out gun-powder, or printing.

Phi. If thou hast a mind to rail, *Tim*, I advise thee to stay till thou hast discretion to do it. What wouldst thou expect in a discourse
of

of Government, a trap to catch Sun-
beams, or a purse-net for the Moon &
I grant, that the chief heads I in-
sist on, have been largely treated
on by others: but the *method*, *con-*
trivance and *phrase* is all my own;
do so much as consider of that poor
Tim.

Tim. I need not consider of it
now, because I have done it oftentimes
heretofore; and it puts me in mind
of another thing, by which you have
cheated some into an opinion of
you, viz. You take old common
things, and call them by new affected
names, and then put them off for dis-
coveries.

Phi. I profess, *Tim.*, I expect to see
thee hang'd some time or other for
thy crossness: Where is it that I do
any such thing?

Tim. If I were at leisure, I could
shew you an hundred several places:
What think you, *Philautus*, of the
Scriptures being the word of God?

Phi. I think, as others do, that
they are.

Tim. What need then was there of that, in your Third Chapter de Cive; the Sacred Scripture is the Speech of God commanding over all things by greatest right? It sounds, I must confess, somewhat statelily: So does that in your *Leviathan*, (p. 12.) the general use of speech is to transfer our mental discourse into verbal; or the train of our thoughts into a train of words: And also that, Religion contains the Laws of the Kingdom of God: It had been nothing to have said that Religion teaches how God will be serv'd; but the Kingdom of God is a new Notion, if the word Law does but lie near at hand: So to have said that *somnia sunt phantasmata dormientium*, or that *Tempus* was *Phantasma corporis*, *Evo.* had been odd; but so thus, *Phantasmata dormientium appella somnia*, and *Phantasma corporis, Sic appello tempus*: and then by vertue of the word *appello*, and the stately placing of it, it becomes all your own.

Phi. And is not *appello* a good word, you *Timothy* sans-box? I cannot forbear.

Tim.

Tim. Yes, may it please your worship, 'tis almost as good as *pronuncio*; but it is never a whit the better for standing at the *latter end* of a *sentence* (which I find an hundred times over in your *Books*) only to disguise a little what every body has said.

Phi. I do very much wonder, *Tim*, where thou didst pick up all this impudence, being so young.

Tim. My *Grandam*, *Sir*, I thank her, gave me a little, and wished me to use it upon occasion; but most of it I got by keeping company with some of your admirers.

Phi. Surely thou wilt go to the Devil, if any such thing there be.

Tim. But before I go, *Sir*, I must desire those that are not satisfied concerning the truth of what I just now mentioned, to look a little into your *Logick*; and if they do not there find a whole *Book* full of nothing but *new words*; I'll promise you to be very towardsly for the future, and as modest as the meekest of your *disci-*

ples: and therefore, in the first place, I do, in your name, decree, that in all following Ages Logick shall not be called Logick, but Computation; because that ratiocinor signifies not only to reason, but to count or reckon; and rationes the same with computa: and therefore let the art of reasoning be called the art of computation or counting: of which there be two parts; addition and subtraction; to add being all one as to affirm, and to subtract all one as to deny: from whence also I do establish a Syllogisme to be nothing else but the collection of a Summ, or aggregate: the major and minor Propositions being the particulars, and the Conclusion the summ or aggregate of those particulars.

Phi. And what fault can you find with all this? is it not all new? did ever any of the *Philosophers* say so before?

Tim. No truly; nor was there ever any need that they should say so: for let people call the two first Propositions either plainly Propositions,

sitions, or Ingredients or Elements, or Premises, or Principles, or Preambles, or Prologues, or go before, or particulars, or any thing else, so that I do but understand their meaning, and Timothy is as well contented as any man alive.

Phi. Why then do you sneer, as if you dislik'd my *Logick*?

Tim. 'Tis a most excellent computation as ever was written: There's a definition of *causa* (which in the second Page we are learnt to call generation) that is alone worth a pound at least; viz. *Causa est summa sive aggregatum accidentium omnium tam in agentibus, quam in patiente, ad propositum effectum concurrentium, quibus omnibus existentibus effectum non existere, vel quolibet eorum uno absente existere, intelligi non potest.* A Cause is a certain pack or aggregate of *trangams*, which being all packed up and chorded close together, they may then truly be said in Law to constitute a compleat and essential pack: but if any one *trangam* be

taken out or missing, the pack then presently loses its packishness, and cannot any longer be said to be a pack.

Phi. And now what aile you with this definition? Is not the true notion and perfect *Idea* of a cause very necessary? and is not this, that I have laid down, full, exact, and compleat?

Tim. So very full, *Sir*, that if you had gon on but a little further, it would have served for a Catalogue of the great *Turk's Dominions*: but I hope you will not take it ill, if I forget it: because I promised my self long ago to that little short Gentleman — *cujus vi res est*. You have also, *Sir*, another very magnificent one of a *Proposition*; which I care not much if I bestow upon the *Emperour*: viz. *Propositio est oratio constans ex duobus nominibus copulatis, quæ significat is qui loquitur, concipere se, nomen posterius ejusdem rei nomen esse, cujus est nomen prius*; which agrees very well with what

Zacutus

Zacutus saies in his Treatise of a Spoon, which he thus defines. *Instrumentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo posito in aliquod, in quo aliud quoddam diversum à posito, ante positum fuit, & retro posito in oppositum, concipitur is, qui posuit primum positum in secundum, ex his positis aliquid concludere.* These and the like are only for huge Potentates; but if any private Gentleman has a mind to be informed in the just, adequate and perfect conception of an interrogation and a request, let him take them thus: *Interrogationes sunt orationes quæ desiderium significant cognoscendi*; as, what's a clock? *Precationes sunt orationes quæ desiderium significant aliquid habendi*; as, give me an apple.

Phi. Surely thou art broken loose out of Hell, to quarrel thus upon no grounds. What is it that thou would'st have in a *Logick*?

Tim. Those that have nothing else to do but to put in a few new phrases (under pretence of notions and discoveries) and to alter per-

haps the place of two or three *Chapters*, I would not have them trouble the world with *Logick*, or any thing else. For as my Lord Bacon wisely observes, nothing has more hindred the growth of Learning than peoples studying of *new words*, and spending their time in *chaptring*, *modelling*, and *marshalling* of *Sciences*.

Phi. Then it seems I must learn of you how to spend my time. What, *Tim*, wouldst thou have me goe to *Schdol* again?

Tim. You may doe as you will for that; but you know *Doctor Wallis* thought you had sufficient need of it long ago.

Phi. Come, *Tim*, I prethee tell me one thing, and tell me true: hast not thou been lately amongst some of my *Scholars*, and lamentably baffled and run down by them? and does not this make thee fret and fume, and dislike all that I have written? I am confident, so it is; for otherwise thou couldst not but
be

be of their opinion, who discern and declare, that they never perceiv'd such *connexion* of things, and such *close arguing*, as I have in all things given the *world* an instance of.

Tim. You have now said that which I wish'd and watch'd for : Because it gives me opportunity of mentioning *another device* you make use of to deceive people, and get applause ; viz. you get together a company of words, such as *power*, *fear*, and the like (as was said before) and thrust these into every *page* upon one pretence or other ; and then you call this *connexion*, and boast (as you doe in your *Preface de Cive*) that *there is but one thing in all your Book*, which you have not demonstrated.

Phi. I hope you will not betray your judgment so much, as to find fault with my *language*, which all the world admire : Are there any words more truly *English* and natural than *power*, *fear*, &c.

Tim.

Tim. Questionless they are very good words, when rightly made use of: but to hale them in where there is no need at all, meerly to carry on the great work of *power* and *fear*, and by a forc'd repetition thereof, to make thence a *seeming connexion* (with reverence be it spoken) is very idle and impertinent. It seemes to me to savour very much of their humours, who fall wofully in love with some certain *numbers*. One he is forely smitten with the complexion and features of the *number* four. And so he calls presently for his four *Inns of Courts*, his four *Terms*, his four *seasons of the year*, and abundance of *fours* besides. Nay, the *senses* are also his; for *smelling* is only a gentiler way of *feeding*. Another rears his haire, and is raving mad for the *number* three: and then the *Inner Temple* and *Middle* are the same, for they are both *Temples*; *Easter Term* and *Trinity Term* differ but a few days; *Spring* and *Autumn* are all

all one, and rather than he'll acknowledge above three *senses*, he'll split his *mouth* up to his *ears*.

Phi. what dost think, *Tim*, that I have nothing else to doe, but to hear thee tattle over a company of foppish *Similitudes*? if thou hast a mind to talk, child, speak sence, if thou canst; and learn of me to reason closely.

Tim. You are a most speciall pattern for *reasoning* indeed: one may plainly see that, by what you say in the tenth Chapter of your *Leviathan*, and in the eighth of your *Humane nature*; where you fall into a great rapture of the excellencies of *power*; making every thing in the whole world that is good, worthy and honourable, to be *power*: and nothing is to be valued or respected but upon the accompt of *power*.

Phi. And is not *power* a very good thing?

Tim. A most excellent thing! I know nothing like it but the *Philosophers*

phers stone : for it does all things, and is all things, either at present, or heretofore, or afterward. Thus *Beauty* is *honourable*, as a precedent sign of *power generative* : and actions proceeding from strength are *honourable*, as signs consequent of *power motive*. Now if *faculty* had come in there instead of *power*, it would not have done so well. Again, *riches* are *honourable* as signs of the *power* that acquired them; & gifts, cost, & magnificence of houses are *honourable*, &c. as signes of *riches*. A *Mathematician* is *honourable* because if he brings his knowledg into practice, he is able to raise *powerful fortifications*, and to make *powerful engines* and instruments of war. A prudent man is *honourable*, because he is *powerfull* in advice : and a *person* of good *natural wit*, and *judgment* is *honourable*, because it signifies *strong parts* and *powers*. In short, *Sir*, I perceive there is nothing either in actions or speeches, in Arts or Sciences, in wit or judgment, in man, woman or child that is good & valuable, but

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it is all upon the accompt of *power*.

Phi. I defy thee, if thou goest about to make any thing that I have said ridiculous.

Tim. No: I need not: because you have already done it to my hand; for with such tricks and devices as these, I'll undertake to make a *flageolet* the most dreadfull and powerful thing upon the face of the whole earth. For it either shall be *powerful* in it self, or recommend me to the favour of those that have *power*, or be a defence against *power*, or it shall hire and purchase *power*, or be in the road to *power*, or a signe of *power*, or a sign of somewhat that is a sign of *power*. And such things as these, *Philantus*, you call *close convexion*, and *demonstration*, which are nothing else but a company of small cheats, and jingling fetches.

Phi. Before I goe any further, *Tim*, I doe pronounce thee to be the most saucy of all that belong to the whole race of *mankind*. For
thou

thou railest at a venture ; and dost only skip up and down my writings, as if thou didst intend to pick my pocket. If thou resolvest to continue in this Humour, and to think thy self worthy to speak in my *ancient* and *Philosophical* presence, let's pitch upon some *fundamental point*, such as, *Status naturæ est* *Status belli* ; and thou shalt see that thou art ten times more an *Owle*, than I am a *cheat* and *Jingler*.

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, may I be so bold, which side doe you intend to hold?

Phi. Which side? that's a question very fit indeed for a *Timothy* to ask. I hold that side that all *Wise*, *Sage*, *Learned* and *Discreet* men in the whole world doe hold.

Tim. I am sorry, *Sir*, that I have disturbed you : but I must pray once again to know which that is.

Phi. I am asham'd to tell thee : It is

is such a very silly question. I doe hold then, that all men naturally are Bears, Dragons, Lyons, Wolves, Raguers, Raskalls——

Tim. I beseech you, *Sir*, hold no more: there's enough for any one man to hold. I remember, *Philautus*, you told me a while ago that all men by nature were *doggish*, *spightfull* and *treacherous*. But I thought you had only said it, because you found *your self* so inclin'd, or in jest to scare me.

Phi. What dost think that I studied fourty or fifty years; only to find out and maintain a *jest*? dost think that the happiness and security of all the Kingdoms of the Earth depend upon a *jest*? Thou art a very pretty fellow to discourse withall indeed!

Tim. I pray, *Sir*, by your favour, how came it about that it was not found out by former *Philosophers* that all men as well as *your self*, are naturally *brutish*, and *revengeous*?

Phi. I

Phi. I wonder, you'l come over so often with *as well as your self*, when I have so plainly told you, that it is naturally so with all men.

Tim. Nay, Sir, be not angry; I have so often heard an old story of *Ζῶν πολιτικόν*, and of the great worth of *Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus*, and *Tully*, that I much wonder at your *Doctrine*.

Phi. Then, upon my word, you have heard a very story of a tub, and of a company of children, fools, sotts, and dunces!

Tim. Enough, enough.

Phi. But I say, not enough: And if you'l hold your prating, I'll shew you how it came about, that the *morals* and *politicks* that have been written since the *creation* (as they call it) of the *world*; were not all worth a rush, till I set forth mine.

Tim. I'll not speak again this half hour, if you'l but make out this handsomly.

Phi.

Phi. It was thus then: they went in a *wrong method*, they took things for granted that were *lies*, and did not so much as consult common *History* and *experience*.

Tim. I profess, *Philantus*, this seems to go to the very bottom of the business. I long to hear this as much as ever poor child did for the teat: in the *first place*, you say, they did not use a *right method*: wherein, I pray, did they faile?

Phi. They should have done as I did; they should have search'd into the *humours*, *dispositions*, *passions*, and *heart of mankind*.

Tim. And did you, *Sir*, find there written *Status naturæ est status belli*: as 'tis said *Calis* was upon *Queen Marie's*?

Phi. I perceive thou beginnest to prate again. Hast thou seen a little *Book* of mine called *Humane Nature*.

Tim. Yes, I think so.

Phi. You may easily know it; 'tis called *Humane Nature*, or the
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fundā

fundamental Elements of Policy.

Tim. 'Tis so: and you might have call'd it as well *Tu quoque*, or the *jealous Lovers*, or the *fundamental Lawes of catching of Quails*, as of *Policy*.

Phi. Did you not promise me to be modest, and not to prate? does this become you? goe home and look in the glasse.

Tim. Why? have you discoursed me into a *Bear*? I tell you, *Sir*, I have read over that same little *Book* called *Humane Nature*; and whereas you'd make the Reader believe, by the title, that he should find such strange *fundamentals of Policy*, and (as you there add) *according to philosophical principles not commonly known or asserted*; there's not a word of any more *fundamentals*, than is to be found in *Jack Seton*, *Stierius* or *Magirus*; besides some small matter that was shirk'd up in *France* from some of *Cartes's* acquaintance, and spoyled in the telling. I say, as for all
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the rest, *Philantus*, it is as common, as the *Kings* high way; only according to your usual manner, you labour much to disguise it with your own phrases, and to displace words to cheat children.

Phi. Why doe you talk thus?

Tim. For no reason at all but only because it is true. Thus we know that old *Aristotle*, and his dull foakers understood no further of the great mysteries of the senses, and their several objects; but only bluntly to say, that sense was a kind of knowledge occasioned by some outward thing, &c. and that an object is a thing that causes that knowledge; and that colour is the object of the eye, and that sound is the object of the ear. But when *Philantus* comes to Town, he brings us news to purpose: informing us, that all conception proceeds from the action of the thing it self, whereof it is the conception; and when the action is present, the conception it produceth is called sense: (there called stands

in the right place) and the thing by whose action the same is produced, is called the object of the sense. (That's well placed again:) And that by sight we have a conception of colour, which is all the notice and knowledge the object imparteth to us of its nature by the eye. This ravishes! and by hearing we have a conception called sound, which is all the knowledge we have of the quality of the object from the ear. Now who would not immediately spurr forth as far as *Dover* to meet a *Philosopher* that should bring home such rarities as these.

Phi. if thou shouldst set out, *Tim*, thou wouldst be set in the stocks, before thou gettest to *Rocheſter* bridge for undervaluing worth.

Tim. You talk, *Philantus*, of your *Humane Nature* containing the *Elements of Policy*; there's one cunning reflexion (p. 5.) concerning *imagination*, which is so full of novelty and subtilty, that it is enough alone to set up a man for chief Minister

nister of State, viz. that the absence or destruction of things once imagined, doth not cause the absence or destruction of the imagination it self.

Phi. Why, does it?

Tim. No: For suppose I have a House in *Cheapside*, which I have sometimes seen, and sometimes imagined; according as I was best at leisure; and this house, upon a day, either runs away from me or I from that; yet still I may phansy my self trading in my own shop, and eating in my own House: nay though it should be burnt down to the very ground; yet for a need I can make shift once or twice a year to phansie it still standing, or at least to wish that it were. And surely upon this is founded that old friendly saying, viz. *though absent in body, yet present in mind.*

Phi. And is it not a good saying?

Tim. Yes, it is pretty good, but nothing near so enlightning as your enlargement

largement thereupon. For by that you make out the whole business to be as plain as can be: and so you doe another thing, which I have often wondred at. I have seen sometimes a man set up his *staffe* in the middle of a great field, and a while after, he has gon back, and put up a *Hare*. I had a kind of a ghesling how this might possibly be; but durst never be confident, till I was made happy by that ample and satisfactory definition you give of a *mark* p. 44. *A mark* (say you) *is a sensible object which a man erecteth volutarily to himself, to the end to remember thereby somewhat past, when the same is objected to his sense again.*

Phi. Why doe you laugh, *Tim*? there's nothing left out, is there?

Tim. Not in the least: it will doe, I'll undertake, for the tallest *May-pole* in the whole Nation.

Phi. But for all that I am confident, *Tim*, that thou dost not approve of it throughly.

Tim,

Tim. I must not, *Sir*, lay out all my approbation hereupon; because there's abundance more of such fine things (were I at leasure to look them out) that doe also highly deserve to be approved of. Who would not save a good large corner of his heart, for such an accurate accompt as you give (p. 35.) of an experiment, viz. the remembrance of succession of one thing to another, that is, of what antecedent has been followed by what Consequent, is Called an experiment. As if I put my finger into a Pike's mouth, to see if he can bite; my finger is the *Antecedent*, and if he bites, there's a *Consequent* for my *Antecedent*: which, I suppose, *Philantus*, I should remember, and according to your directions call it an experiment. I hope also that I shall never forget what you tell me p. 80. where speaking of *Musick* and *sounds* you lay down this admirable and standing definition of an *aire*, viz. an *aire* is a pleasure of *sounds*, which consisteth in consequence

quence of one note after another, diversified both by accent and measure.

Phi. Surely, *Tim*, thou beginnest to be mad: is it not very just, and very punctual?

Tim. Truly, *Sir*, I know nothing comparable to it, and what you said before about an experiment, for absolute exactness, except it be what the above mentioned *Zacutus* says concerning a teame of Links in his sixth Chapter of *mind'd meats*: a Teame of Linkes (says he) is a certain train of oblong termes, where the consequent of the first is concatenated to the antecedent of the second, and the consequent of the second to the antecedent of the third, &c. So that every terme, in the whole train, is both antecedent and consequent.

Phi. You don't seem to like these same antecedents and consequents, *Tim*.

Tim. A little of them, *Sir*, now and then I like very well, especially when they are brought in so naturally

rally as they are by *Zacutus*. But when any such words are needlessly forced upon me, I have enough of them for I know not how long after. I once, *Sir*, got such an horrible *surfeit* with a long story of *Consequences*, in a *Scheme* of yours concerning the *Sciences* (*Lev. p. 40.*) that my stomach has scarce stood right towards *Consequences* ever since.

Phi. What, doe you find fault to see all kind of knowledge lie fairely before your eyes ?

Tim. I have seen it, *Sir*, several times, but all the art is in the catching : and I count my self never a whit the nearer, for being told, as I am there by you ; that *Science* is the knowledge of all kind of *Consequences* : which is also called *Philosophy*. And *Consequences* from the accidents of bodys natural is called natural philosophy. And *Consequences* from accidents of politick bodies, is called *Politicks* or civil philosophy. And *Consequences* from the stars, *Astronomy* : *Consequences*

ces from the Earth, Geography: Consequences from vision, Opticks: Consequences from sounds, Musick, And so Consequences from the rest are to be called the rest. I profess Philantus, these same Consequences did so terribly stick in my head, that for a long while after, I was ready to call every body that I met, Consequence.

Phi. And now, as nice as you are, Mr. Timothy, I pray let me hear you define any of those things better: come, hold up your head, and like a Philosopher tell me, what's Geography.

Tim. Alas! Sir, I know nothing of it, but only I have heard people say, it is about the earth.

Phi. About the earth! What dost mean, round about the earth?

Tim. Yes, Sir, if you please, round about, and quite through, and about and about again; any thing will serve my turn.

Phi. So I thought, by that little knowledge which I perceive will satisfie thee. But I prethee, Tim, how came

came we to ramble thus from the
state of war &

Tim. We have been all this while
 close at it, *Sir* : for if you remember,
 I was to shew you (which I think
 I have done) that the old *Philosophers*
 might have written as well concern-
 ing *Politicks*, as *your self* ; notwith-
 standing you call your *humane na-*
ture the *fundamental Elements of Po-*
licy ; in which there's nothing at all
 towards any such purpose , except it
 be in the *title* , and at the end of the
Book , where there stands these
 words (*Conclusion* being written over
 them) viz. *Thus have we considered*
the nature of man, so far as was requi-
site for the finding out the first and
most simple Elements wherein the com-
position of Politick Rules and Laws are
lastly resolved ; which conclusion ho-
nest Will. Lilly might e'en as well
have set to the end of his Grammar,
as you have done to your Humane
nature.

Phi. It is no matter, *Tim* , what's
 written on the outside of *Books* , be
 it

it at beginning or ending ; so that that which is *within* be excellent, and serviceable.

Tim. I am very nigh of your mind, *Philautus* ; but yet I would not have all the *Philosophers* , before you , be counted *Dunces* and *Loggerheads* , only because it did not come into their mind to write a *Book* , concerning the *five Senses*, *Imagination*, *Dreams*, *Prædicables*, *Propositions*, &c. and call it the *fundamental Elements of Policy*.

Phi. And is not the knowledge of the *five Senses*, and the rest that you mention very useful ?

Tim. So is the knowledge of the *Eight Parts of Speech*. But I must confess that I can scarce think , that supposing the people of *England* had generally believed with you , that *Vision was not made by species intentionales*, that *the image of any thing by reflection in a glass is not any thing in or behind the glass*, that *the interior coat of the eye is nothing else but a piece of the optick nerve*, that *Universals*
do

do not exist in rerum natura; I say, I cannot think, notwithstanding all this, but possibly we might have had *wars* in this Nation; no more than I can believe, that a false opinion of *Ecchoes*, and *Hypothetical Syllogismes* took off the King's head.

Phi. I perceive you are resolved to make the worst of every thing.

Tim. I make it neither better, nor worse; for in your *Epistle Dedicatory* to the Duke of Newcastle, you tell him, that *all that have written before you of Justice and Policy, have invaded each other and themselves with contradiction, that they have altogether built in the aire, and that for want of such infallible and inexpugnable Principles as you have Mathematically laid down, in your Humane nature; Government and Peace have been nothing else to this day but mutual fears: And when one comes to look for these same infallibles, and inexpugnables, there's nothing but about conception, and phantasmes, and a long race amongst the passions; where*

to endeavour is appetite, to turn back is repentance, to be in breath is hope, to be weary despair, and to forsake the course is to dye, and the like; so that the only way to make a *Mathematical Governour*, is for himself to be a good *Jockey*, and for his Subjects rightly to understand the several *beats*, and *courses* of the *Passions*.

Phi. Thou gettest away all the talk, *Tim.* I prethee listen to me, and learn. I tell thee that I have by my great skill in *Mathematicks*, and great wariness so ordered the business, that most of my *Books* depend closely one upon another.

Tim. So I find it said by the *Publisher* of your *Humane Nature*, in his *Epistle* to the *Reader*. Our *Author* (saies he) hath written a body of *Philosophy* upon such *Principles*, and in such order as is used by men conversant in demonstration: which being distinguished into three *Parts*, de *Corpore*, de *Homine*, de *Cive*, each of the *Consequents* begin at the end of the *Antecedent* (like *Zachur's* links) and

and insist thereupon as the latter Books of Euclid upon the former.

Pbi. And whoever he was, he spoke like a man of understanding; it was my design that they should, and by great industry I brought it to pass.

Tim. And I pray, Sir, how many pounds of candle did it cost you, to tie *de Corpore*, and *de Homine* together? Methinks you need not be long about that; for *Body* is either taken in general or in particular; in general, that is *de Corpore*: and *man* being a particular sort of body, *de Homine* must needs follow close at the heels; and so they are taken care of: but indeed to fasten *de Homine*, and *de Cive* cleverly together requires a little more knocking and hammering; and therefore to do that exactly, we must scratch and rub our heads very well, and warily call to mind, that a man is to be considered in two respects; either as he is a body natural, consisting of flesh, blood, and bones; or as he is a member of the
Body

Body Politick: that is, as he is leg, arm, finger or toe of the *Common-wealth*; and therefore let us have one *Book de Homine*, as he is a *natural Body*, and another *de Cive*, as he is a *limb* of the *huge Giant*, the *Common-wealth*; and so there's an *Euclidean trap* laid, that *de Cive* shall follow *de Homine*; and so it does, but not bluntly: for though one would have thought that this had jointed them so close together, that *Archimedes* himself could never have pulled them asunder; yet to put all out of danger, it is best to rivet them a little faster, by putting in a most obliging *transitio*; in the last Chapter, intituled *de Homine fictitio*; where we are learnt further to consider, that a man is either by, or for himself a man, called a *real man*; or he is a man for another, called a *fictitious man*. Such a one is he that *acts* another, is *deputed* for another, *engages* for another, or the like. Now because in all well governed *Common-wealths* (now any one by that word may perceive, that

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de Cive is just at *Towns* end) for better trading, bargaining, commerce, &c. there's great use of *Deputies*, *Proxies*, *Factors*, *Sponsors*, *Embassadors* and the like; therefore let the chief of this Chapter be spent in the employments of such *fictitious men* in a *Common-wealth*; and then turn over the leaf, and behold, there stands to the honour of *Euclid*, and the admiration of all *Philantians*, the *Book de Cive*.

Phi. What, would you have *Arts* and *Sciences* tumbled down together, like coals into a Cellar? Would you not have men make use of their *Parts*, and *Reason*; and for smoothness, and memory sake, put somewhat before, that should relate to, and occasion what follows?

Tim. I am, *Sir*, a great friend to the very least pretences of connexion, where it is not phantastical, or manifestly inconvenient: but to have *Books* tailed together by far fetched contrivances; and to swag-
ger them off for *demonstrations*, and

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thereupon to defie all former Ages, is so very idle, that I had rather people would speak Proverbs, or only say, these four leases I intend to speak of a Horse, the next two shall be concerning Mackrel, and what is to be spared, shall be concerning Caterpillars.

Phi. And do you, Tim, approve of this illogical, unphilosophical, and unmathematical way of writing?

Tim. No; but I had ten times rather do so, than as the natural Philosopher, who being employed to write the History of a Crow, Jack-daw, and Pye, after many Months spent in dressing, ranking, stringing, and hanging them together, at last entered upon the business after this elegant and digested manner. Being about to treat of the natural rights and powers of Crows, Jack-daws, and Pyes; subjects often handled by weak and heedless observers: we shall be forced so to write, as if none had been before us in this kind: all which must be performed with such prudence and consideration, as justly become so very great

great an affair; seeing that hereupon depend not only the knowledge of the chiefest and best of Birds; but also of all beasts in general: Nay, even of man himself; and the great Trojane horse the Common-wealth. And that we may be sure to lay a solid foundation, and neither to repent, nor recal, it will be necessary in the beginning exactly to state the true conception or Idea of a Bird, for as much as the particular conceptions of Crow, Jack-daw, and Pye are comprehended under that common one of Bird: And therefore that we may avoid all equivocation, which is the original of Errors, and that there may be no quarrelling or disputing in following Ages, we do run down for the future Peace and Government of all Nations, that the phantasme or conception of a Bird is a flying phantasme or conception. Having thus warily and fundamentally determined what is a Bird in general, we proceed now to the three Birds themselves: and that we may do nothing without method, the blackest and largest of

them we call a Crow; and seeing that likeness of colour begets likeness of conception, we go on to the next, whose conception is full out as black as a Crow, but not altogether so large, and this we call a Jack-daw; and because that black strictly taken only for black, is a more simple conception than black and white together, therefore we thought fit to speak of a Pye in the last place, which partakes of the two former conceptions as to black, but differs from both as to white.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, what was the name of this *Philosopher*?

Tim. 'Tis no matter for his name, *Sir*: You must needs acknowledge him to be a *Philosopher* of worth; and very little inferiour to your self, both as to reason, and circumspection.

Phi. But where's the state of war all this while? That's the thing I long to be at, *Tim*; and to shew thee for a *Fish*.

Tim. Let me but consider a little, how that same Book *de homine* (I don't

don't mean your little *English* *Humane* nature) came to be filled with such a heap of *Opticks*, and then the *Fish* shall begin as soon as you will.

Phi. To make out that is as needless, as to shew how a *Coach* goes down *Holborn-hill*.

Tim. I think I remember how it is, viz. a man is a creature, that has body and mind: his mind has several faculties; and amongst the rest there be five Senses; and the most excellent of all these is Seeing; and then presently pull away with *Perspective*, *Dioptricks*, *Catoptricks*, *Telescopes*, *Microscopes*, and all the rest for fifty Pages together, as long as there's a Star to be seen in the *Skie*.

Phi. And why, is it not proper to put in *Opticks* into a *Treatise de Homine*?

Tim. Not after the manner as you have done; because we have an art by it self for that purpose. You might as well have put in fifty Pages about *Musick*, as about *Opticks*.

for man you know has as many ears, as eyes. But here's the business, *Philautus*, you take very great pains in all things to be singular. Where you should use *Mathematicks*, there you will scarce let us have any at all; and when there's not the least need, then you pour them forth as if you were bottomless: And thus many a *Reader* comes, suppose, to one of your *Books* that has an ordinary *title*; and there finding a company of strange *Mathematical Schemes*; and not understanding them, he presently cries out, *What a brave man is this Philautus? What wonders and rarities does he afford upon such a common subject? Surely he has gone the deepest that ever searched into Nature.* I tell you, *Philautus*, he that has a mind to take advantage of this humour of yours, and to run things together by force that have no relation, he may easily thrust the fifteen *Books* of *Euclid* into the *London Dispensatory*, or *Justinian's Institutes* into a *Common Almanack*. I shall not now stand

stand to tell you after what *pills*, and under what *month* they might come in, because I am loth to hinder the *show*.

Phi. Be not too secure and presumptuous, *Tim*: for if I don't shew thee for a *fish*, I'll shew thee to be a *Beast*, and all *mankind* besides.

Tim. Nay, if I have so much good company, I had much rather turn out to *grass*, than stand in alone, and be *melancholy*; come, *Sir*, flourish then, and let's begin.

Phi. You know *Tim*, that I have laid a foundation for this in my *Humane Nature*, and 'tis an easy matter now to finish the business.

Tim. Yes truly I have (as I told you before) looked over that same foundation of yours, called *Humane Nature*, and I think it much more fit for the *bottom* of *minc'd pyes*, than of any *Policy* or government. Be pleased to goe on, *Sir*, and shew some other *reasons* why the ancient *Philosophers* did not think, as you doe, that all men are naturally beasts.

You told me, as I remember, somewhat else, wherein they miscarried; besides that they went in a *wrong method*, and did not first design a *Treatise of Humane Nature*.

Phi. I did so: and it was thus: *viz.* they all blindly running one after another, and taking severall things for granted that were perfectly false; they laid down that for a *fundamental truth*, which is no otherwise than a *fundamental lie*.

Tim. That was a great oversight indeed; a *fundamental truth*, and a *fundamental lie*! I profess, *Sir*, they dwell a great way asunder. But I pray what was that *fundamental lie*.

Phi. That man was a sociable creature.

Tim. Lack a day! how easie a matter is it for *old folks* to dote and flatter, and for *young ones* to be deceived, and lick up the spittle? I'd have laid three cakes to a farthing, that my *old Masters* had been in the right. But are you very, very

very certain that they are not : per-
haps you may have taken yours up-
on trust, as well as they did theirs :
and if so then courage cakes, for
I don't intend to be a *Centaure*.

Phi. That's a good one indeed :
as if they who had all their Phi-
losophy from the tap-droppings of
their *predecessors*, and the moral
tradition of the *Barber's Chair*,
were not much more subject to take
thing upon trust, than one, who
suspecting all kind of opinions, have
turn'd over the whole *History* of
the *world*, and *Nature* her self.

Tim. And there belike you found,
that *man is not a sociable creature*.
I wish there were some way to com-
pound this business : for you know,
Sir, the world is full of trade, ac-
quaintance, neighbours and relations :
and for the most part *man* has had
the crack and fame, for five or six
thousand years, of being tolerably
tame ; and methinks it is a great
pity now at last to be sent to the
Tower amongst the *Lions*, or to be
driven

driven to *Smithfield*, with a mastiffe and a great cudgell. I pray, *Sir*, what doe you mean by those words, when you say that *man is not a sociable creature*?

Pbi. What, canst not construe two words of *Greek* *ζῷον πολιτικόν*? I mean as all people mean, that *man is not born fit for society*.

Tim. He is usually born with two Leggs, to goe about his business; with a pair of hands to tell money, with a couple of eyes to see if there be any Brás; and with a tongue to discourse, when he has nothing else to doe. And therefore I must be troublesome once more, and desire you to explain, what you mean by a *mans being not born fit for society*.

Pbi. Thou askest questions, *Tim*, as if thou didst intend to send me to *market*; When I say, that a man is not born fit for society, I mean that men *naturally* doe not *seek society for its own sake*.

Tim. I must desire of you, that
you

you would let *own sake* alone for the present; and let us first see, whether men do *naturally seek society*: and I'll promise you, not to forget to have it considered, for *whose sake*, or upon *what account* they do it. And therefore, I pray, Sir, answer me punctually whether naturally men do *seeke society* or not.

Phi. To be punctual, *Tim*, and please thee, I answer, they do not.

Tim. You know, *Philantus*, that men are apt to sort, to herd; they love to enquire, to confer, and discourse: and when people get into corners, and covet to be alone; we usually count such to be sick, distemper'd, melancholy or towards mad. And I suppose the question is not concerning such, but concerning *healthful* and *sober men*.

Phi. There you are quite out, *Tim*: for when I say that men *naturally* do not *seek society*, or are *not born fit for society*; I don't mean *full grown men*, such as are able to carry

carry or eat a quarter of beef, but I mean *children* : which is plain in the very phrase it self, *Tim*, if thou wouldst mind any thing : it being there said, *not born fit* ; so that to say, a man is not *born fit* for society, is all one as to say, that a man *newly born* is not *fit for society*, or does not *seek society*.

Tim. Well, let it go so ; we'll see what will become of this business ; it begins to drive bravely : we are got thus far that *children* do not *desire* or *seek society*. But if so, *Philantus*, how comes it about that they *desire* or *seek* after company. I don't mean, that when the Nurses back is turned, they skip out of the cradle, and with a huge ashen Plant run away to the next fair, *Bull-baiting*, or *football match* ; but they do not care for being in the dark : they are discontented, and cry when they are left alone, and love to see now and then a *humane face*, if it does not look, as if it would bite.

Phi.

Phi. All this is only for *victu-
als.*

Tim. Some of it, I grant you, may be for *victuals.* But they can't eat, from one end of the Nation to the other. And one *child* oftentimes takes delight in the company of another, to whom it has never a load of corn to sell: neither does it intend to eat, or suck up that other child.

Phi. Thou art quite beside the saddle again, *Tim*: for when I say a *child* doth not seek or desire *society*: by *society* I don't mean crying for the *pap* or *sucking bottle*, or to be daunc'd by Dad, or to giggle it amongst its *Camrades*: But I mean by *society*, bonds, contracts, covenants, leagues, *transferring of rights*, and such like things which are proper to Cities, Communities and Societies: Dost hear me, *Tim*, I mean by *society* these sort of common-wealth affaires: which thou knowest *children* doe neither understand, nor are able to mannage.
And

And now I suppose thy thick skull begins to open a little, and to be enlightned: one had as good have half a score to inform, as one heavy *Tim*.

Tim. Indeed, *Sir*, it must be acknowledged that you have taken great pains. But for all that, I pray, may not I make bold to say, that *children* desire society in your sence? for they seek it so soon as they are able, and doe perceive the intentions thereof.

Phi. Thou wilt never leave this dull trick of not understanding. I must therefore condescend, and let thee know, that by seeking society, I mean *actual entering into society*: that is, being ingaged in conveyances, bargains, publick offices, and such things as I before mentioned. This and only this is truly to be said sociable.

Tim. And is this all that you have now to say? have you nothing more to add.

Phi.

Phi. What need is there of any more?

Tim. Then doe I very much pity the poor distressed creatures, that have been thus long gulled with faine and phrases.

Phi. How so?

Tim. How so, do you say? what would you have a *Child* come out of the womb, saying over *Nouerint Universi* with a pen in one hand, and wax in t'other, and fall presently to signing, sealing and delivering: or before it be dressed; shriek aloud, and cry *faggots, faggots five for sixpence*? is this the principle that you were so many years finding out? is this the fruits of *Mathematicks*, long observation, *fundamental casting about*, and *bottoming* of things? did you goe into the bowels and heart blood of Nature to bring up nothing else but this?

Phi. I prethe, *Tim*, don't make such long sentences: for thou wilt have nothing to say by and by. I tell

tell thee that this principle that I have now revealed to thee, is the most weighty principle that belongs to all *Humane Nature*.

Tim. 'Tis very weighty indeed: and it is great pity but that you should be entomb'd at *Westminster*, and statued up at *Gresham Colledge* for the great moral discoverer of the Age.

Phi. Why? for all your jeering, *Tim*, I hope you do not imagine that a child can trade, and covenant, or bear any publick office for the good of the *Common-wealth*.

Tim. No indeed: I do not think it can: unless you would have it jump off the Nurses lap, and run away to the *Exchange*, and there ask for the *Spanish*, or *Virginia* walk; or have a woman brought to bed of a *Justice of peace*, or a *Mayor* with his *Macebearer* and *tipt staves* before him.

Phi. Very good, very good: then it seemes at last, you are willing to acknowledge that I said true.

Tim!

Tim. And so did all men before you.

Phi. Nay, pardon me there: for they say quite contrary.

Tim. Which of them ever said that any man was actually born a Constable or silk weaver?

Phi. But they say he's born a maid.

Tim. So doe you, for else I cannot read your own Annotations upon the second Article of your first Chapter de Cive: wherein you say that to man, by nature, as man, as soon as he is born solitude is an enemy. And that all men are desirous of congress and mutuall correspondence, and doe enter into society as soon as they understand it.

Phi. But this is not pure infant nature, but education.

Tim. I should laugh indeed to see a Merchant to ship away a Baby in blankets to be his Factor beyond sea: or to see a child of half a year old with its whistle and rattle set swaggering in Commission upon the bench with my Lord. A child I suppose may be admitted to be born apt to walk,

F

speak,

speak, reason and discourse; al-
 though it be above a week before it
 leaps up the table, and cry *Nego
 minorem*. The short of your opini-
 on is this, *Philantus*, that children,
 fools and madmen, are not very am-
 bitious of being of the *Privy
 Council*; and if they were invited
 thereunto, would do themselves
 and the Nation but little service. So
 that if right reason (which, *Philan-
 tus*, you so much talk of, and pre-
 tend to) does determine that the
Cradle, *Bedlam*, and a *Gentleman's
 kitchen* shall be the only standard
 and measure of *Humane Nature*,
 then truly *Philantus* must be acknow-
 ledged by all for a most mighty
Philosopher: but if otherwise, he must
 e'en be content to sit down with his
neighbours. And if you remember,
Philantus, I gave you an hint of this
 at first, *viz.* That if your *opinions*
 were thoroughly search'd into, and
 that all disguise of phrase was laid
 aside, they would either be found
 to be absolutely false, or else to be
 the

the same, that every mortal believes,
And this gave me hopes of *compounding*
the business.

Phi. Nay, hold you there: for I
am against sharing or dividing of
truth. I don't like that cowardly
trick of *compounding* for an assertion,
or having my *opinions insured*. Sink,
or swim, I love to run the whole
venture, and to get all or lose all,
And certain I am that I say somewhat
quite different from what is com-
monly *known*, or *asserted*.

Tim. So you know you promised
us in the title of your *Humane Na-
ture*: where I looked till my eyes
aked; and I could find nothing but
ancient venerable stuff new *cased*
and *dawb'd* over. And I perceive
you are of the same mind still, and
think that you hold and maintaine
such things as were never held or
maintained before. I pray, *Sir*, let's
heare one of those same things, that
you thus swagger of.

Phi. Then let me tell you, *Tim*,
that I do hold, maintain & positively

say that *the state of nature is a state of war*: which is a truth so great, bold, and generous, that all the *Ancients* wanted parts, wit and courage to find it out, or defend it.

Tim. I am confident that this will prove just such another story, as that of the *sociable creature*: and I must needs say that it was done like a wit, and *Hec.* besides, to find out, and hold that which every *child* may hold.

Phi. That's as good, as I heard this fortnight: Thou speakest like one that is versed in business, and the world. What shall a *child* be able to defend that which lay hid for so many *Ages*, and took me such paines to discover?

Tim. You shall hear the *Child* hold it, and *demonstrate* it too, that's more, viz. thus: the *state of War* (you know) is a *state* wherein *people* have not engaged or obliged themselves to one another by any covenants, bargains, or transferring of rights. So far is true; is it not?

Phi.

Phi. Well, go on.

Tim. And you know that *children* or *infants*, which are in the true state of nature, cannot covenant or bargain, release or transfer; and therefore you cannot but know, that that dreadful business called the *state of war* must needs follow.

Phi. Thou art *Tim*, certainly the worthiest of thy kind. This is my very prooffe: you make use of my very way.

Tim. I do so; because no body but a *child* would ever have made such a noise and rattle with a company of words, and to mean so little by them.

Phi. Why, what's the matter now? what is it that you would have had meant?

Tim. Alas! *Sir*, when you told me (as you do in your *Epistle Dedicatory de Cive*) That *man to man* is an *arrant Wolfe*, except it be for his interest to be otherwise; That there's no living amongst strangers but by the two daughters of *War*, de-

ceipt and violence; That naturally men are all brutall, ravenous and rapacious; I say when I heard this, I expected the whole world naturally to be all in armes and an uproare; tearing and worrying one another like mad: and to hear nothing but down with him there, hang him with his own gutts, give him a pound of melted lead for a *julip* to cool his pluck, split him down the chine, or flea him alive and roast him with a couple of awles in his eyes: when I, *Philautus*, heard of a state of war, I profess, I could think of little less than all this and so did most people besides: and when all comes to all, *Philautus* has found out a great moral secret, viz. That *Whelps* can't see till they be nine days old, nor a child can't speak unless it has a spoon, nor goe to market before it can goe alone.

Phi. Is this all that I say?

Tim. Tis all; and every bit and scrap of all. For like a great searcher into Nature, you only observe that we are children before we are men, and

and *children* can't speak; and where no speech, there can be no bargain or engagement, or treaty for termes of peace, and where no bargain, &c. there must needs be the *Devil* & war.

Phi. I profess, *Tim*, this confidence of thine does almost anger me, to utter some vast sense beyond thy worth.

Tim. If I thought that were the way to make you *speak wiser*, I'd carry on the designe, and endeavour to improve my self for that very purpose; and I'd not only be very *confident*, but I'd be as *fancy*, as I could contrive.

Phi. Then know, *Tim*, that I have reserved a reason for such *sauciness*, as thine; and therefore I do pronounce that *children* may not only be said to be in a state of war merely because they cannot enter into Leagues, and offer and receive termes of peace; but that we oftentimes see that they *actually gripe and demand* things to which they have not the least right or title: which if denyed,

they presently out of fury cry,
 quarrell, fight, and scratch poor
 Nurse, or Parent it self: now this,
 Tim, does not only demonstrate their
 naturall dispositions to war; but
 that without any affront, reason
 or pretence of justice, they actually
 fall on, and have no respect at all
 to our *meums* and *tunms*.

Tim. Thus have I seen a *spanish-*
leather shoe kick'd into the fire, and
 perished in the involving flames:
 and (which would make a heart to
 bleed) a whole poringer of *sweetned*
milk, with its topling white bread,
 rousing up and down upon the un-
 certain floore: and the little state of
 Nature as hard worrying the righte-
 ous & inoffensive Nurse, as ever poor
 Dogg was worried by Hare. And in-
 quiring into the quarrell, and occa-
 sion of the war, I found, that the
 wicked and ravenous young Centaure
 against all Conscience and the esta-
 blish'd lawes of the Realm, had most
 unjustly and feloniously sat upon a
 whole yard of red inkle.

Phi.

Pli. And did it not affect thee, *Tim*, and make thee sigh again? and wert thou not converted thereby, and fully convinced that the *State of Nature* was a *state of war*? this methinks was a very *Providentiall instance*.

Tim. I was fully perswaded, *Sir*, by that and some other instances, that *children* doe not know the exact difference between *freehold* and *copyhold*. And when they take a frolick to scratch and quarrell, they do not always consult the *law of Nations*; giving convenient warning, and printing a *proclamation of war* with a long *history* of the justice thereof. But, *Sir*, there's another thing to be taken notice of in *children* (which I wonder such an *observer* as you should miss) that intimates a settled resolution to quarrel, and seemes to design absolute battell: for, what you mentioned before, may possibly be by *chance*. And that is, many children are observed to come into the world with
all

all their fingers close bent over their thumbs, and they oftentimes continue in this *fierce condition* a long while after: & if anyone goes about to order the hand into more *peaceful* posture and circumstances, it's presently snatched away with great fury and violence, and by a *natural* kind of *restoration*, returns to the *primitive state of fifty-cuffs*.

Phil. I profess, Tim, I did not think that thou had hadst so much stuff in thee. I am confident that if thou hadst not been spoiled in thy *education*, and tainted with some foppish and squannish *Principles*, thou mightest in time have come to some tolerable degree of *moral prudence*.

Tim. Why, Sir, do you like what I now said?

Phil. Like it? Why, who does not?

Tim. Nay, if you like that, surely (in your opinion) I may be Professor in time: for it was one of the silliest things that ever I said in my whole life.

life. I did it only, *Sir*, to pain it with your reason which you quoted just before out of your *Preface*, about *Childrens* clawing for a *flower*, or bit of *ribband*.

Phil. What then, art thou resolved not to stir? Must I go on further to convince thee? I prethee, *Tim*, tell me, how much *conviction* will serve thy turn; & I'll undertake thee by the *hump*, that I may know when I shall make thee a *man*? I am confident, I fully understand why thou stickest, and art so difficultly to be brought to my *opinion*: thou perceivest that most people are born in *Families* and *Towns*, and whilst they are *children* they are kept from doing mischief by their *Parents* and *Nurses*; and when are they grown up, they are restrained by *Law*: and were it not for this pitiful prejudice, thou wouldst believe as fully as I, that the *state of Nature* is a *meer state of war*.

Tim. I know now as well as can be whereabouts you are: this is to wheadle

wheadle me into your *Mushroom* state of men suddenly springing out of the earth; without any kind of engagement to each other.

Phi. O that I could but get thee to grant any such thing; then I should flie thee home presently.

Tim. I don't care much for men springing out of the earth; lest sitting upon the ground, some fellow or other should leeringly put up his head between my legs: but, which is as well; I'll grant you a shower of pure natural men; and the rather, because *Pliny* has a little scoured the roads, with a rain of calves long ago.

Phi. And wilt thou not flinch, but beingenuous, and suffer me to suppose freely?

Tim. Suffer you, *sir*? Don't question that: if you please, *sir*, I'll suppose it for you.

Phi. And won't you put in a little of *Moses's* tale, of the *World* being inhabited first by *Adam*; to whom *God* transferred the right of all things,

things, and he to his *Posterity* and
Tim. Not a word ; it does not
 become a *Philosopher*, and an *Inqui-*
rer into Principles to tell *Stories* his

Phi. Now thou speakest like a
 child of some hopes. I don't que-
 sion now but I shall get thy heart,
 and soul too, before it be long. I
 prethee then begin ; and be sure
Tim. to be very just and exact in thy
 supposition.

Tim. Thus then ; Upon the tenth
 of *March* —

Phi. How ? not a word further ;
 thou must begin all again : the tenth
 of *March*, *Tim.* ? that's not natural ;
 but a meer humane institution of the
Almanack men : an absolute contri-
 vance of *State*, to find out *Fairs* and
Markets, and other publick places of
 transferring of rights.

Tim. Then let it be thus ; Once
 upon a time, the wind being full
 East —

Phi. Out again ; we shall have a
 shower of nothing but *Judges*, *Do-*
ctors, and *Philosophers* : Dost not
 know

know that the *wise men* came out of the East?

-*Tim.* That's only *Scripture*, Sir: and you know if the *Supreme Magistrate* does but so interpret it, there shall come as wise ones out of the *West*: but however to content you, wee'l have no wind at all: but only wee'l have it rain a good lusty shower; and amongst the rest of the great drops, there shall come down four well-complexioned, upright Gentlemen: about fifteen hands high: which shall all happen to fall upon an *Island* of four hundred acres, viz. the *Isle of Pines*; and that we may be better acquainted with them, their names shall be *Dick, Roger, Tumbler & Tomser*.

-*Pbi.* Here's at least half a load of contradiction, in what thou hast now said. First of all you say they shall be upright: I pray whose *Rights* or *Laws* can they keep or break; they having not as yet taken any oath of *Allegiance* or *Supremacy*? Next of all you say they are *Gentlemen*: Perhaps so; but if they be, you must needs

needs go back again, and speak for a small dagger-cloud for their foot-boys: and then besides all this, I see no great necessity that you should make them so very tall and large, when less *Mounfiers* would serve as well for a *supposition*.

Tom. Truly, Sir, when I said that they were *upright Gentlemen*, I only meant that they were straight limb'd and *right up* ones: and by *Gentlemen*, I only meant ordinary men: But as to their stature I think I was disectect enough: because if you remember, Sir, in the eighth Chapter of your *dominion*; those same *misbroom-men* which you order'd to spring out of the earth, were *suddainly* to come to full maturity; and if *mature perfect men* may come up, I saw no reason but as perfect ones might come down. And when we had once appointed it to *rain men*; I thought we had better have a *shower* to some purpose, and have it rain good, *stout, speaking, understanding men*, than only a *Scottish mist* of *Babies*, which would

would have entangled us again in the
old story of children not being soci-
able.

Ph. But how comes it about that
you suppose these people to speak a
speech as so very an artificial thing;
that we are forced to have *Mistress*
and *Mistress* for that very purpose;
and all the world perceives that *chil-*
dren do not speak naturally

Tim. But you know, *Philautus*,
that the very same man *Scenius*, that
had a *Plantation* of armed men, not
far from the *Ile of Pines*, is said to have
had also a small nursery of Letters;
and we may properly enough say that
there is some hopes that children may
speak, although they do not imme-
diately after nine or ten Months close
imprisonment, call for their boots and
barse, to take fresh aire. And besides
you promised to talk no more of
children, but substantial men; and
you need not be afraid at all, that it
shall raise any absurdities, so long as
we do not suppose it to raise *March-*
men, *Bell-men*, *Lanterns* and *Psalm-*
for

for we intend only an ordinary civil
shower of perfect men.

Phi. I am likely to do thee much
good indeed! We are inquiring what
is the pure candid condition of nature,
and thou comest in with thy civil
shower; which supposes Government;
society; and all the absurdities imagi-
nable; and begs the whole question
that is in controversy: Is this you
that promised to suppose so fairly?
thou shalt e'en be called *Tim* the fair
supposer.

Tim. This 'tis to be so much for
self preservation! it makes people as
curious and fearful of their reputati-
on, as of their limbs. I speak, *Phi-*
latus, only of an ordinary shower of
men, and you snort and boggle, as
if I had laid a thousand fox-traps,
and barrels of gun-powder in the
road; you may put out the word
civil, if you please, I intended no
advantage by it.

Phi. Well then, if you'll leave out
your tricks, and keep to your pure,
plain, ordinary men; I do not at all
question

question, but the battle will go on my side.

Tim. What are you resolved then that they must needs have a *business* at *bow* before they let on the *old hen* and *bacon*? Must they needs upon first sight set up their *rayls* and *bristles*, and fall a *snarling*, and *swearing*, and *tearing* one anothers throats out?

Phi. You do not hear me say so; but you must be forced to grant me, that they are as yet in a most absolute state of war.

Tim. Why so?
Phi. Because they have not as yet entered into any *League*, nor concluded any *Treaty*, nor so much as made any overtures for *Alliance*.

Tim. That's right; unless they happened (as they came rambling down) to call in at old *Jones* of *Upper-Enfield*, two miles beyond *Caucasus*, and there cracked a pipe, and shook hands.

Phi. But if they did so, they did not come down *in propria naturalibus*.

Tim.

Tim. And is this all the reason you have that these men are in a *state of war*, viz. because they have not as yet *discoursed*, *made overtures*, *covenanted*?

Phil. Yes truly; and it is a most *able* one upon my *reputation*.

Tim. Now could I be tempted to go home, and spend a little time in *laughing*, and not to talk one word more: for this proves just such another *discovery* as we had before: For after much *wrangling* and *dispute*, we found out (I remember) at last, that a *sucking Child* was not fit to command an *Army*, or to make a *speech* at the head of it; and now we have found out, that these *same dropt men* can't enter into a *league*, till they have *spoken* with one another, neither can they *fight*, till they open their *mouths*; and therefore they are in a most *dismal state of war*; because when they do meet, it is possible for them to *fight*, having sworn not any thing at all to the contrary. What, *Philautus*, would you

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have

have *Rogers* speak to the next tree to run away in all haste, and out of pure natural kindness, and sweet sincere humanity invite *Dick* and the rest of the *Pineyards* to a *Westphalia* Ham and Pigeons? Whereas *Rogers* never saw any of them as yet, nor knows any thing of their being come to *Pines*: Or would you have *Dick* to testify his inward disposition to pure society it self, grasp a whole armful of aire, and fall to treating and covenanting, and at last enter into a close league therewith? The summ of all, *Philantus*, amounts only to this; that there are four honest *Rogers* come to *Town*, from the four several quarters of the world, and falling either upon several places of the *Island*, or being a great mist, or coming before day light, they have not as yet seen one another, and having not seen one another, they have not as yet discoursed, treated or compounded; and therefore they are actually in a state of war, i. e. they having not spoken at all; it is impossible that they should have

have *spoken* to each other. Now if you take delight in the *phrase*, you may if you please call this a *state of war*, a *state of Devils*, or what *state* you will; but for my part, I think there's nothing in it, only a small *trick of words*. There's the huge *King of China*; and another great *man* that dwells t'other way: I never made any *overtures*, *treaty* or *composition* with them; and yet for all that I don't find any *grumblings* or *cursings* of *humane nature* within me, or any *prickings*, and *pushings* forth toward any war. Indeed I have found my self sometimes at some small variance with the *Turk*; but that is, because his *Rogues* use to droll a little too severely upon my *Merchant men*. Neither, *Philantus*, would I have you think (supposing it were worth the while to insist upon a *phrase*) that you have justified this kind of supposed *state of nature* to be a *state of war*, by saying, as you somewhere do, that the *state of war* is not only *actual fighting*, but it is

the whole time that the *variance* or *quarrel* last. For I grant that *war* consists not in the *number* or *length* of *battels*, but in a *readiness* and *resolution* to *contend*. But withall we may easily conceive much more reason to call the *intervals* between *battle* and *battle*, *war*; or the whole time from *proclamation* thereof to the *concluding* of *peace*; than to call that a *state* of *war*, which has no pretence for any such *name* from any *quarrel* that ever was yet, but from one that *unreasonably* may be. I say, I think, there ought to be some *difference* made between these two *states*; and you your self, *Philantus*, must not be too backward to acknowledge it; because of your very own *definition* of *war*, *cap. 1. Art. 12.* Where you say, that *war* is that *same* time in which the *will* of *contesting* by *force*, is *fully* declared by *words* or *deeds*. Now if *Roger* had challenged *Dick* to play with him to morrow, three first hits for the *Kingdom*; or that *Dick* had come behind

hind Roger, and struck up his heels, here had been *Declaration* enough to signify and justify war: But to say that they are at war without either words or deeds (only because they have not bargain'd) is not agreeable to what you say yourself.

Phi. You have talked, and talked I know not what, *Tim.* But for all that, will you venture to say that these four strangers are actually a body politic?

Tim. I'll say no such thing at all: But I say that this same state of war which you make such a clatter with, is only a war of meer words; and therefore to lay aside this same blind mans buff, and decide the controversy; let us see a little what these same *Pineyards* will do when they first meet. And so, if you please, *Sir*, about *Sun-rising* wee'll give them a view, unmuzzle, and let them off the slip. And now hola Roger! over with him there Dick; collar him close Towser; gripe him under the small ribs, and pluck out his speen

G 4

Tumbler.

Tumbler, O bravely recovered! Now hold it out for the credit of the state of nature, and the safety of the Dicks. Now fall upon his chest, and strike his heart out of his mouth, and dash that Rogues eye out of the Island.

Phi. I prethee, Tim, what art thou doing of? What an uproar and noise thou makest? Thou didst talk just now of four honest Rogues that were come to Town, and thou hast sent for four Furies, I think.

Tim. I did it only, Sir, to give you a small sample of the state of nature. They must have a brush I suppose, Sir, before they go to breakfast.

Phi. I pray, Tim, do so much as part them; and let's go on softly and soberly, and then see what will follow.

Tim. I can exactly tell you, Sir, what will follow, viz. if humane nature upon first view, pricks up its ears, and sets up its skit, and falls presently to tearing, slicing and slashing;

slashing; then the battle goes on
your side: but if reason and hu-
mane nature directs these people to
treat, and live peaceably together;
then I count the day is mine.

Phil. Nay, *Tim*, the field is not
so easily gained: You think of your
trphies a little too soon.

Tim. However methinks at pre-
sent I am a little apt to value my
hopes: For here's nothing of *preju-
dice*, *education*, *custom*, *Father* or
Mother, *League* or *Covenant*; but on-
ly pure terse humane nature, newly
drawn out of the clouds.

Phi. Let me consider a little:
You say if they fall to *quarrelling*
and *fighting*, when ever they first
meet, then and not else it is to be
judged that humane nature inclines
to war; or that the state of nature is
a state of war. Now I thought thou
didst go on too quick: For let me
tell thee, *Tim*, that that is as much
false, as I am older than thou art. For
actual fighting and *destroying* is not
that alone which is to be termed
war:

For whether these *Pineyards* fight or not, so long as they have not treated and bargained, they cannot properly be said to be *se-
ciable*.

Tim. This we have had over so often, that I am quite tired, viz. they cannot properly be said actually to have made *Covenants, Leagues, and Bonds*, till they have actually made *Covenants, Leagues, and Bonds*. Do but resolve to hold to that, and you may easily defend your self against all the forces in the world, by sea or by land.

Phi. But for all you are so brisk, *Tim.* : How do you certainly know that they will not fall to breaking of *heads and leggs*? Did you stand behind a tree and hear the *parley*? Or had you word sent you by the *Pine-an* packet boat?

Tim. I need not go so far for my *Intelligence, Philantus*. I had it nearer home: For (to save *Journeys* and charges of *Forreign Letters*) I alwaies love to keep a little right rea-

son

son in the house; with which your *Book of Politicks* is so crawlingly full; and from which alone (not from general agreement of the most wise men and learned Nations; or the common consent of mankind which you there despise) you lay down for the first and fundamental law of Nature, that peace is to be sought, where it may be found. Now in this same little land of *Pines*, we doe suppose there growes abundance of peace, if the late come guests will but seek for't; because being never inhabited, there was never so much as a cut finger dropt upon't.

Phi. Now I have catch'd thee bravely, *Tim.* Now I do not question but to make abundance of money of thee. I do say indeed, that right reason tells us, that the first and fundamentall law of Nature is to seeke peace where it may be had; and that the first special law of Nature derived from that fundamentall one is this, that the right of all men to all things ought not to be retained, but that some
certain

certain rights ought to be transferred or relinquish'd. But you must consider, *Tim*, that I establish these laws upon quite different grounds from those which are generally given by old *Moralists*. For they flatter you, and feed you with a fiddle faddle of mens seeking society, for its own sake; and dividing or compounding the common right by natural equity and justice. Whereas it is plain to me and all right Reasoners, that men meerly lye upon the lynch for society, and seek it only for pleasure or profit: (or in one word out of mutual fear.) and they are willing to share or divide the common right, not because there is any inward reason they should do so, but because it is much safer than to be engaged in War perpetually. Take this along with thee, *Tim*, there's Doctrine enough for this fortnight.

Tim. Ther's a little too much for once, *Sir*; and therefore I must desire you to cast it into two parts. You say in the first place that we have

have held for many ages that men seek
society for its own sake. I pray why may
we not hold it one summer more.

Phil. Why? If by Nature one
man should love another, that is as
man, every man would equally love
every man, as being equally man;
and not pick here and there, accord-
ing as profit, honour, or other things
do direct him.

Tim. Now, upon my Conscience,
Philantus, you meane by a man only
a thing standing right up (like a
Heron) with a head and a few eyes
thereunto belonging: For if he
chance to speake or listen, to
buy or sell, give or receive; if he
be peacefull, faithfull, modest, af-
fable, temperate, prudent, inge-
nious, or be of any worth or use
imaginable; then we seek after such,
and sort with such, not for society,
but out of mutual fear. So that to
enter into society for its own simple
single sake, were only to enter into
it for the sake of a good word, that
must not signify any thing. For if
it

it does, it must not be called *society*, but *plot*, *profit*, *design*, or the like.

Phi. And dost thou think, *Tim*, that I will not believe my own eyes and ears, before this nothing that thou sayest? Is there any better way to understand by what advice and upon what account people meet, and enter into *society*, than by observing what they do when they are met? For suppose, *Tim*, they meet for *traffique*, is it not plain that every man minds his business, and endeavours to dispatch what he design'd? If to discharge some office, is it not to carry on a kind of a *market friendship*, which has more of *jealousie* than *true love*? And lastly if (for *diversion* and *recreation* of mind) to discourse; is not here visibly at the bottom either *advantage* or *van glory*?

Tim. This must needs be right: and I wonder how I came to mistrust it. For suppose I go to *market* to buy *corn* and *meat* for my *family*:

nily : and when I come thither, I will
 take a good view of the butcher,
 the length and colour of his eye-
 browes, and also an exact account
 of the stature and complexion of the
 man that stood at the facks mouth;
 and affect them both most ideally,
 and return home most vehemently
 in love; and next day bid my ser-
 vant set on the pot and fill it full of
 vegetables, stature, complexion, friend-
 ship and society, and let them be ve-
 ry well boyled. I am afraid, for all
 my three loves, some of the family
 may chance to be hungry before
 next market day. And so in like
 manner if upon the road my horse
 casts a shoe, and thereupon I call in
 upon the next smith: I may pretend
 indeed that I came only to render
 him a profitable visit, to look upon his
 farrier instruments, to kisse him, and to
 be sweet upon his humanity; but for
 all that, it is five to one before we
 part, if I don't so plot and fetch
 things about, as to treat concerning
 iron, and so by degrees cunningly
 draw

draw him in to let me a *shoe*.
Phil. But why so many instances
 29 *Tim.* Because you have two whole
 pages upon the same occasion: and
 besides I have a mind to convince my
 self thoroughly that people do not
 enter into society purely for its own
 sake. And therefore I cannot but
 think again, if I should call a coach,
 and when I have done so, speak to
bay and *brown* to set me down at
Charing-cross: for, as for their *Ma-*
ster, he should ride along with me
 in the coach, because I did intend
 to love him, and *bugg* him a whole
 shillings worth. I believe the *Coach-*
man may goe to bed supperless for
 all this, and that I might have been
 sooner at my journeys end, if I had
 gone on foot. Or lastly suppose I
 should be lost upon the road at mid-
 night, and call a man out of his
 bed only to ask him whether he be
 in health, how he slept, and how all
 his family does: and not say one
 word concerning my being ignorant
 of

of the way; (for there's designe) this would be pure love indeed, and a most unexceptionable argument of *relating to society*. and therefore, as you well observe, people may prate and talk of entering into *society* for its *own sake*, and of going to *market* out of meer good will; but when you dive into the business, it is very great odds, if there be not some *timber* to sell, some *corn* to buy, a *shoe* to set, a *question* to ask, or some such *politick* and *inveigling* *trick*.

Phil. I am very glad, *Tim*, to hear thee give such apt instances: it is a sign that thou beginnest to understand my *Doctrine*, and to be satisfied therewith.

Tim. O, sir, I am so wonderfully satisfied, that I am even ready to split again with satisfaction. For now I plainly perceive what it is which *justly* and *morally* ought to be called *seeking society* for it self; to wit, if the *Inhabitants* of every *Town*, once or twice in a week, instead of

H

going

going to Church, or market, without either bell or trumpet, would naturally meet together, and like a company of *Turkies* get sidelong upon a pole, and sometimes plume and gently chafe one another, and now and then put about a true love jogg to the whole company: or like a brood of ducklings for mutual consolation sake get close into a corner with head under wing, and make not the least noise, for fear of waking *Original sin*, and the quarrelsome state of Nature; this possibly might pass for unfeigned freindship, and society without design. But if men do either give or receive, counsel or take advice, discourse or jest, if they speak but the least word, then presently a reason is to be tickled up, that this was not society, but plot and design. Nay, if a man does but look earnestly upon another, and ask, *what's a clock*, it spoyles the whole integrity and sincerrity of the business, and can be nothing less than a very fetch and stratagem,

if it be at all considered of by one that knowes the world.

Phi. I perceive, *Tim*, that thou hast profited but very little, by the late instances I gave thee, of peoples entering into society meerly upon designe. How ever surely thou canst not deny, that there's great safety and convenience in seeking of peace: and many a mischief there would be if it should be neglected. And therefore, why ought not I, foreseeing those mischiefes, be said to endeavour to avoid them only out of fear, and thereupon choose society as the safest condition?

Tim. I'll give you free leave, *Philantus*, to say that peace is better than war, in *English*, *Latin*, or any other Language, upon that very account your selfe mention; but I would not have you say that that's the only or chiefe reason. For there's great difference, *Philantus*, in saying that I do this or that, meerly and only because I am afraid of a bloody nose, or broken shins: and

in saying that I do it for a better reason; & that a *legg* or an *arm* may chance to go of, if I neglect to do it.

Phi. Upon better reason, dost thou say? what can a man spend his time better than to *suspect*, *take heed*, be *watchfull* and *afraid*? and dost thou think that thou canst ever find out any other reason to make the *four men* of *Pines* compound, besides *fear*?

Tim. Yes, I have one worth ten of that, (which I shall give you by and by :) and moreover not only shew you that in all *justice* and *equity* they ought to compound, but also what termes they ought to offer towards an *accommodation*?

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, which will certainly beat, the *French* or *Dutch*? which sinkes the first *Ship*, and where will the *wind* be upon the *fifteenth of May*? poor creature! that thou should thus cut out work for thy own disparagement, and engage before hand to be silly! and yet because it shall never be
said,

said, that *Tim* wanted meanes of growing wiser, I care not much if I fling away one demonstration more upon thee, to prevent if possibly, this great plot thou hast laid to discredit thy self: whereby it will experimentally appear, that men at first were not only in a *state of war*, & did as it were lay down their weapons, and combine out of *meer fear*: but that the *state of war* really is not yet ended, nor ever will be. For that every man is still to this very day afraid of every man; and (now observe me *Tim*,) that this is a *naturall taint* and *infection* that runs through the whole *humane blood*: and is so deeply seated therein, that it will never be utterly wash'd out till *Doomes-day*.

Tim. Always provided, that you had excepted your servant *Timothie* from being afraid of every body. For as fierce as you look, *Sir*, he is not in the least afraid of you.

Phi. what? I hope (whilst I am endeavouring to cure thee of thy errors)

errors) thou dost not intend to *huff*, quarrel and challenge me. I don't much like the very phrases that belong to fighting.

Tim. I intended no affront at all to you, *Sir*, for there's abundance more that I am not afraid of.

Pbi. Then upon my word, it is for want of judgement and common observation. I confess now and then, *Tim*, I have met some rash *inconsiderate* youngsters (like thy self) who would try to be of thy opinion, and pertly to contradict me would gain-say themselves. And to such I use to say thus. "What mean you Gentle-
 "men to approve of that in your
 "discourses, which your actions per-
 "fectly disavow? Do you not see
 "all countries, though they be at
 "peace with their neighbours, yet
 "guarding their frontiers with
 "armed men, their Towns with
 "walls and ports, and keeping con-
 "stant watches? Do you not see even
 "in well governed States, where there
 "are Lawes and punishments appoin-
 "ted

"ted for offenders, yet particular
 "men travel not without their sword
 "by their sides for their defences,
 "neither sleep they without shut-
 "ting not only their doors against
 "their fellow subjects, but also their
 "Trunks and Coffers against do-
 "mesticks? Can men give a clearer
 "testimony of the fear and distrust
 "they have each of other, and all
 "of all; and that the first stop that
 "was put to the state of war, was
 "upon the accompt of fear, and
 "that it is not yet quite ended?
 "& therefore are you not asham'd to
 "fight against your selves, that you
 "may quarrel me? Thus I use to
 school over such small objectors,
 and little observers of humane af-
 faires.

Tim. And I pray, sir, how did
 they use to take such a demonstration
 and what did thy use to say again?

Phi. E'en as much as thou art a-
 ble to say now. What dost think
 all people in the world are a
 malepert as thy self, and talk as

gain, when there is nothing to be said?

Tim. However, *Philantus*, if I had been there, rather than my tongue should have catch'd cold, I'd have said over the *alphabet*, or somewhat or other; if it had been only this. *viz.* We see indeed Castles, Walls, Draw-bridges, Guards, Guns, Swords, Doors, Locks, and the like. But surely it is not absolutely necessary to say that all this care is taken and these defences made, because *Humane Nature* at first was, and in generall still is a *Whore*, a *Bitch*, a *Drab*, a *Cut-purse*, &c. But because there be *Doggs*, *Foxes*, *Hoggs*, *Children*, *Footes*, *Madmen*, *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Pyrats* and *Philantians*. And upon that accompt (considering the wickedness of the world) it is a most dangerous and frightfull thing to leave the *Dairy-door* open: for who knowes, but on a suddain the Sow, having some small scruples about *menum* and *in-um*, may rush in with her train of little

little thoughts, and *invading* the *milk-bowles* should rejoyce in the confusion. And in like manner I am almost throughly convinced, that if I have a *Diamond* of considerable value, it is not the safest way to fling it into the *shoe-hole*, or to lay it in the *window* amongst the *Bay-leaves*: because perhaps the *waggish Ratts*, to make me spend candle, may carry it away, and hide it up in the *cock-loft*; or a *child* may have a mind to try whether it will sink or swim, or may swallow it instead of a new fashioned *Sugar plumb*; or lastly because I may chance to have a *servant*, who being not well dried of the *state of nature*, may make use of the *members of his body* to remove it from the place where I laid it. And I must needs tell you, *Philautus*, if a *friend* or so should intend me a visit, who, I was sure, did really believe no good or evil before the *Statutes* of the *Kingdome*, I should count my self in all prudence oblig'd, to set a very strong lock up-
on

on my *mustard pot*. But to go on, *Philantus*, you observe besides from Constables and watches, that *man* is a most *dreadfull creature*: but before you be very sure of that conclusion, I would have you call to mind, that there be such things in the world as *madmen*, who may get from their fetters, and fall to *firing of houses*: and there be such things as *Quakers* and *first Monarchy-men*, whose religious frenzy may disturb the peace: and there be also such things which in the morning were true *lawfull men*, who by night with *intemperance* have lost that *privilege*: and these for a time may be as troublesome in the streets, as a *wild Boar* or *Ox*: And lastly there may be here and there some besides, call'd *Pilferers*, and *Thieves*, who count it a piece of dull pedantry to live by any *set forme* and *profession*, or to be guided by any *reason*, or to stand in any *Laws*: and for you to conclude from hence, that *Humane Nature* in general is a *shirking, rooking*

rooking, pilfering, padding nature, is as extravagant, as to say that the chief of *mankind* are perfectly distracted, and that the true *state of nature* is a state of perpetuall drunkenness. And what if most Nations have Guards, and Castles, and be upon defence? you must not infer that all men are *Rogues*, because *Alexander* had a mind to try an experiment, and to see how much mischief he could doe in his whole life-time: or because the *Cæsars* spoiled many *Kingdomes*, & brought them into slavery, for the excellen jest of pure *Latin*, and *Roman liberty*: or because the *Turk* gave two pence for a *Pigeon* to tell him from above that *all the earth was his*. You know, *Philantus*, our own Nation never wanted *Horses, Ships, Men and valour* to have trampled down many of its *Neighbours*: but such have been the equity and generosity of our *Kings* as (unless highly provoked) to stay at home.

Phi.

Phr. You never found that I asserted that all the *people* in the world are shirks and raskals : But I may confidently assert that there be *some* ; and seeing that we do not know them , and cannot *distinguish* them from the good , *there's a necessity* (as I tell you in my *Epistle*) of *suspecting, heeding, anticipating, subjugating, and self-defending.*

Tim. I pray do so much as understand me , *Philantus* ; I am not against your putting all those words and forty more into practice. Ride with eight *suspecting pistols*, and half a dozen *heeding swords* : Let a file of *anticipating Musqueteers* walk constantly before you, and as many *subjugating ones* behind ; plant a *defending blunderbuss* upon the top of your stairs ; put on a *head-piece* instead of a *quilted cap*, and sleep in perfect armour : or if this be not sufficient, beg leave of his *Majesty* that you may have a *bed* set up in the *Exchequer* ; or surrender your self every night to the *Lieutenant* of the

the *Tower*; and let him be extraordinarily obliged, that you awake in *safety* next morning. In short, take as much care of your self, as you think most just, (for you know your worth best;) but from your own *distrust* and *fear*, I do earnestly desire that you would not determine any thing concerning the general *disposition* and *temper* of *humane nature*; and that if a *mouse* comes to lick the *save-all*, you would not alarm the whole *Christian world*, and cry out that the *Turk* is landed. This I say is all that I desire of you; for when you tell us that there be *Thieves*, and that we don't know them, and if we did, we do not know what day we may meet them, this was very well and very fully understood by every *Carrier* and *Drover* many years before you writ your *Politicks*: And now since you have such an excellet gift of making things plain, be pleased to exercise a little upon *'other reason*, why men that are in the *state of nature* do choose

choose to enter into *society*. For, as for people compounding out of fear, or not seeking *society* for its own sake, I now fully understand. As I remember you seemed to say further, that *society* was a thing meerly by chance, because that no man in the *state of nature* could have any right or pretence to any part of this *World*.

Phi. I scorn to be one of those that seem only to say things: If there be any doubt, I say nothing; if there be none, then I speak, declare and publish. And therefore I do now make it known, that no man whilst he is in the *state of nature* has right or title to so much as one foot of *Land* or spire of *grass*. And now my mouth is open, I do declare further, that whereas a company of *Metaphysical Term-drivers* do love to talk of *intrinsecal* and *essential* right and wrong, good and evil, and the like; they are every one utterly besotted, there being no such thing at all, but what the *Magistrate* pleases so to appoint.

Tim.

Tim. As for the latter part of your declaration, I shall not meddle with it as yet: but of the former I am obliged to take present notice: Wherein you say, that by *nature* no man has any right to any part of this world; which if true, then our *four natural Gallants* have perfectly lost their Journey, and must forthwith entreat the *Sun*, to draw them back again; there being no living here, unless they might take and enjoy what they find.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, what figure is this *objection* in? Thou talkest just as if thou camest reeking hot from *Barbora*——I must therefore teach thee that these people that came lately down, are very wellcome, and may live very happily; if they endeavour, and agree so to live: But till they have agreed and bargained, not any one of them can possibly claim any peculiar right or interest in the very least spot of the whole *Island*.

Tim. Your instructions, Sir, I thank

thank you begin now to enter; because *Jonas Moore* is not as yet come to divide, and set out the ground; and to call this piece *starve-crow*; and t'other *long acre*; and because the *white posts* or *blew balls* are not as yet up at *Roger's doore*; and that *Dick* has not determined what *livery* to give, and what *coat of arms* to set upon his *sheeps* backs; and because there are no *hedges*, *ditches*, or *walls* to keep asunder the *Inhabitants* cattle: Therefore say you, none of these have any reason to demand the least right to any part of the whole *Island*. You know, *Sir*, a man may have a right to a *fourth*, *eighth*, or any other part of a *ship*, though he be not able to say, this *rope* is *mine*; and t'other is my *neighbours*: And a hundred several men may have a *common*, and yet certain right to a piece of ground, and yet never a one of them can set forth, that his share lies just at the *gate*, and another man's next the *water side*.

Phi.

Phi. This is said so like one not capable of improvement, that I am ashamed to be seen in thy company: For when thou talkest of *common rights*, I am confident thou meanest such grounds as are called *Commons* (where the *Town* herd and *Town* geese go) which are held by as much *bar*, *in*, and *covenant* as thou holdest thy *bar* or *coat* by.

Tim. To be just and honest, *Philantus*, I did mean so, I profess: And I said it on purpose to see how angry you would be, at one of your own sort of *tricks*, when put upon you by another.

Phi. I do abominate all such *tricks*, and those that devised them. If you'll *hear sence*, then *attend*: When I say that no man by nature can have any *estate* or *right*; I don't only understand thereby, that *Roger* is not as yet fixed in the *East*, nor the rest in their particular *quarters*: but till they have *bargained*, they can make no *claim* to any part or *proportion* whatever, either in *equity*,
I
right,

right, law or justice. Surely thou canst not be so ignorant, but one of those words will fall to thy share to understand.

Tim. I thank you, Sir, that you were so generous, as to give me such choice: For now I understand you as fully, as if you had blown up your meaning into my head with a quill. For as much as *Roger* forgot to bring his black box of *Evidences*, and transferred rights along with him, and thereupon has not been able as yet to obtain a *Decree in Chancery*, or a *Verdict at Common law* for his share; therefore *Roger* has none, nor in reason is likely to have any. What would you have had him to have tied up twelve Judges in a corner of his handkerchief, and brought down *Westminster Hall* in his trowzes?

Phi. I shall not now be so idle as to say what I'd have him to have done: But I'll tell thee, *Tim*, what I would have such a child as thou art to do, (unless thou art very eager of continuing a fool) namely;
ask

ask thy self, or that same thing within thee, which *silly people* have got a custom of calling *Conscience*, whether thou now hast, or ever hadst any thing in thy whole life, or right to any thing but by *Covenant*, *contract* and *law*.

Tim. I shall do it, *Sir*, immediately. Here, where art thou (as they call thee) *Conscience*? Come forth and let *Tim* (according to *Philautus's* advice) ask thee a question. How camest thou by those *shoes*? By what *means* and upon what *design* didst thou acquire a *right* and *propriety* in them, and *dominion* over them? Did thy feet *bud*, and bring forth *shoes*? Don't *cogg* now and *shuffle*, but *speak plain*, for very much depends hereupon. *Consc.* Truly, *Tim*, having looked a little into the *World*, and *Antient Writers*, and observing that some *stones* were very *hard*, some very *sharp*, and others very *dirty*, for fear I should *bruise*, *cut* or *offend* the lower part of the man called the *feet*; I thought fit

to treat with a *Shoemaker*; and after some *parly* and *overtures* we come at last to *close covenant*: And, as I was saying before, for fear of catching cold I took the *shoes*, and for fear he should never see me again, he took my money.

Phi. And thus thou wouldest find it, *Tim*, if thou shouldest examine thy self from *top to toe*. *Viz.* That every thing thou hast or ever hadst, is all upon some immediate or foregoing *compact*: Neither is there any natural way of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*, but only by such means as I have laid down.

Tim. Truly, *Philantus*, I am very nigh of your opinion: *Viz.* That it would be a very hard matter for the most cunning and experienced *Midwife* to distinguish exactly between a *child* that is born *Lord of a Manour*, and a *Tenant*. Unless such as the first were born with the *Court-rolls* in their *mouth*, or had all *stars* in their *forehead*; and the latter had all *shorn manes* and *cropt eares*. You have

have been several times, *Philautus*,
angry, since we began to discourse;
 it is time, I think, for me to be so
 now.

Phi. With whom?

Tim. E'en with your own *Political self*, as old as you are: For you go and appoint a company of people to come, I know not whence; and to bring with them nothing but their *pure personalities*; and to arrive at a place, where's not the least *Custom, Law, or Statute*: And then in your discourse you fetch all your *Arguments* from want of such *Customs, Laws, and Statutes*. That is, I'll suppose an *Island* where there's not so much as one *dogg*: And then I'll determine, that *jus* shall signifie nothing in the world but a *dogg*; and then I will conclude against all *man-kind*, that if *Roger* comes thither, he shall not have a bit of right: *i. e.* he will find never a *dogg*. If you suppose, *Philautus*, suppose one thing with another, *viz.* that which is possible: As for your *state of nature*

I 3

(though

(though it be sufficiently extravagant) yet I was resolved to keep you company; and to be either for *mushroomes* or *bubbles*, or *bladders*, or *teeth*, or *cherry-stones*, or any thing that could be devised. But when you determine with your self that there shall be no *Acts* of *Parliament*, and yet all the while reason so, as if there were such, I must confesse that I must then leave you.

Phi. Now have I no mind at all to part with thee: but to put my self into such an odd kind of displeasure, as to suffer thee to talk on without pity; only to see how far thou wouldest abuse thy self, if thou hadst but thy full swing. And therefore I do say again, that where there is no *Law*, there can be no *right*. Now, it is five to one, if thou dost not prate presently: do so, thy whole gut full. Perhaps this may bring thee into some moderation, and beter respect of those that are aged.

Tim. Truly under favour, Sir,

I am thinking thus —

Phi. Nay, for thinking, think till thy heart strings crack : but that won't satisfy thee, for thou must prate I know.

Tim. Yes, Sir : Suppose a man pays down five thousand pounds for an *Estate*; and accordingly receives *writings* before sufficient *witnesses* : And it happens that the following night his *writings* are all burnt, and his *witnesses* all die. What *law* now has he for his money ? His *conveyances* are gone towards the Moon, and his *witnesses* t'other way.

Phi. Thou dost not understand, that he of whom the *Estate* was purchased, may be brought upon his oath : There's *law*, *Tim*, that thou didst not think of.

Tim. But I'll have that *man* the same night to die also ; and his *Heir* shall be five hundred miles off, when the bargain was made. This is much easier to suppose, *Philantus*, than to make *men* out of *bladders*. Now here's no *Law* in the case for the

Purchaser 39 but he has much *right* and *reason* on his side.

Phil. This 'tis to talk of *Law* and not understand it: I say there's no reason at all that he should ever have, or enjoy the least part of the *Estate*. For if this were allowed, whenever a man wanted a good *house*, and *gardens*, it were but saying that his *witnesses* are dead, and his *writings* lost, and he might e'en pick his seat wherever he pleased.

Tim. I grant you, it is not *reasonable*, *i. e.* it is not *convenient* that there should be room made for such pretences: But the man notwithstanding hath never the less *right* to the *Estate*: which consisted in the *bargain* and true performance of *Covenants*; not in the *Parchments*, *wax* and *witnesses*, which are requisite only by reason of death, *mistakes*, *forgetfulness*, *ambiguity* of words, *knavery*, and the like.

Phi. And art thou now so very silly as to dream that any of this is against me?

me? For thou hast given an instance of right in a *Common-wealth*; where there's *bargaining* and *Law*: And our business lies all this while about the *state* of *nature*, where there's neither one nor t'other. But indeed how can any thing less impertinent be possibly expected from such who having only gone through a course of the *prædicaments*—

Tim. And run over your race of the *Passions*: I pray don't forget that.

Phi. Who, I say, having saved together a few *Academical shreds*, and pedantically starched up a few distinctions and trifles got from the *Schools*, shall prate and swagger, as if they were well acquainted with both the *Poles*, and every thing that lies between them.

Tim. And as if they could *square* the circle, as well as your self: Let that come in I beseech you. It was most pedantically done of the *University Doctors*; that when you had so painfully *squared* it for the general good

good of *mankind*, he should spitefully go and *unsquare* it again. But hold, *Sir*, we forget our selves: For we are in a *state of nature* or war, and we fall to complementing, as if the peace were concluded: And therefore I shall return to my instance concerning *Right* and *Law*. Which, now I tell you, *Philantus*, I gave not, intending therein any great store of *proof*, (much less any *demonstration*, as you use to do) but I did it only to supple and soften you into a little less difficulty of distinguishing between that which is *right* and *reasonable*, and that which is according to the *Laws* of the *Realm*.

Phi. What, dost talk of suppling of me, *Tim*? I prethee go home and put thy head into a *pipkin*, and there stew it, till thou gettest more wit. What, dost think, because I look upon my *body* as a good *considerable* thing, that therefore I am so great a *Coward* as to submit to *nonsense*, and comply with *impossibilities*; and to be mistaken only because it is the general

general fashion? I shall not do so, indeed *Tim* : supple and soften as long as you will. And therefore to ruine all your hopes at once, I do say that those *four men* that we have supposed in the *state of Nature*, have not the least *right* to any part of the *Island*; not only because their share or portion is not as yet bounded and marked out, or because they cannot require any part by *Humane law* : but besides, because *Nature* has given to every one of them an absolute, compleat, total right to every thing that's there to be found.

Tim. What has *Nature* given to *Dick*; suppose, a right to the whole *Kingdom* : with all the profits, priviledges, perquisites, and appurtenances?

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, climb up some high Steeple or Tower, and wonder there. I have other business to do than to stay only to see thee stare at *sunshine truths* and *demonstrations*. What I have said, I have weighed, which young toys,

as

as thou art , never do.

Tim. Then truly *Dick* has reason to speak very laudably of *Nature* ; for he's in a very fine thriving condition. I'll have the *Rogue* add a pair of horses more to his *coach* , and to keep two *foot-boys*, one for *sack* and another for *claret* ; in *Liveries* answerable to the colour of their duties. I am resolved he shall never sit but in a *box* , drink nothing but *flaskes* , eat nothing that has an *English* name, and wipe his mouth only with *Indian Almanacks*. But how shall poor *Roger* make shift to live? He must e'en try , to earn his penny with lighting home *Norfolk Attourney's Clerks*.

Phi. Thou art so infinitely incapable , *Tim* , that one had as good pick up old rags for paper, as labour to make thee understand. For if thou hadst any brains thou mightest know , that *Nature* has given to *Roger* all , notwithstanding *Dick's* grant.

Tim. Say you so? Then rise up
Roger,

Roger, and tumble down *Dick*.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, away presently, and according as I gave order, set on thy head; for it will never make shift to do, as it now lies. Who, except *Tim*, but would easily have apprehended, how that *Roger* might have a right to it all, notwithstanding *Dick* to all of it had a right?

Tim. Oh the wonderful works of a black pudden with anchovie-sauce! This 'tis to have joyned *Logick* with *Mathematicks*! For take one for cunning, and t'other for soundness, and betwixt them both, they'l make up such a *title*, as would have pussed old *Prin* himself to have found out a pattern of it. But what becomes of *Tumbler* and *Towser* all this while? The World certainly is very low with them: For if *Dick* has got All, and *Roger* has got the same All, over, besides, and notwithstanding; the *Devil* is of it, if between them both they don't keep out t'other two.

Phil. I am quite tired with calling
• thee

thee fool, though I perceive the occasion increases very much. I don't say that *Dick* and *Roger* have got it all; but I say they have got a *right* to get it all, and so have the rest.

Tim. And may *Dick* or any other of them, in *right* and reason, get it all, if they can?

Phi. I prethee step to the gate, and ask the *Porter* that. Must I spend myself to tell thee again, that we are in the *state* of *Nature*; in which, whatever a man has a mind to do, and can do, he may do.

Tim. Why so? What, because *may* and *can* are of the same Mode and Tense, or that *possum* is *Latin* for them both?

Phi. No; thou perverse trifler; that's not the reason: But because in the *state* of *Nature*, there's no difference at all between *May* and *Can*.

Tim. That is; because *Roger* has a *vocal instrument* between his chin and his nose, called a *mouth*, and being not muzzled, gagged or cop'd; but having a free power, faculty or
May

May to open it, and order it as he think fit; therefore he *May* stretch it out as wide as he please, and swear quite cross the *Island*, that he'll have the whole, or at least half: And because he has other *instruments* called *hands*, which have an ability of holding and directing a *knife*; therefore again he *May* make use thereof to cut the throats of all his *Countrymen*. And when he has done this; if he be not tired, and his hands does not much shake, he *May* also cut his own.

Phi. Surely I ought not to forgive my self this Month for beeing within the noise of such childish talk. My reason that *Roger*, whilst in the *state* of *Nature*, may do any thing (except hurting himself) or require any thing, was because he cannot be *injurious* or *unjust* to any man: *Injury* or *injustice* being the breach of some *Humane laws*, such as in the *state* of *Nature* there be none. Do so much, as go to thy *Dictionary*, *Tim*, and see if *injuria* and *injustitia*

Justitia be not deriv'd of *jus*.

Tim. I perceive we are wheel'd about to *Westminster Hall* again: notwithstanding you promised not to come there any more. And indeed I see now, *Philantus*, 'tis in vain to expect any better reason from you, why *Roger* may get and possess what he list: by reason what you said just before, *viz.* that, that only was *injustice* which was the breach of some *humane law*, is in your own *Annotations* upon the tenth *Article* of your first *Chapter*. So that we see whereabouts we still are: the *Parliament* is not as yet met, or at least have not as yet made any *Laws*, and wee'll call nothing *unjust*, but what shall be done against somewhat that they afterward shall establish: and so we are come again into the old story of the *dogg*: and no further are we likely to proceed, unless we change *injury* and *injustice* for some other words. And therefore let's try, *Philantus*, if *Roger* may not doe that which

which is *hurtfull* or *mischievous*, or that which is *unreasonable*. As suppose, when all the rest are asleep, he should contrive some way to pluck out all their eyes, and to suck them instead of *raw eggs*. 'Tis very ingenious, and not the least mischief or hurt at all: for the *Parliament* have not as yet declar'd that blindness is any inconvenience; nor that such as should occasion it in others, ought to be punish'd.

Phi. Thou thinkest now that thou talkest wisely: and 'tis as like a *Woodcock* as can be. For if *Roger's* stomach require it, or he thinkes that it does, *Roger* may certainly doe it.

Tim. Yes, yes: He may doe it several ways, either with a *Steleto*, or a *Penknife*, or a pair of *Pincers*, or many other ways. And so he may contrive to lop off a *legg* of each of them: and when the *Parliament* meet, if they find it unjust, they may vote it on again. But because

we may take occasion to talk a little more of this by and by, wee'll go on, and see if these people may not be guilty of doing or requiring that which is *unreasonable*.

Phi. I don't at all see how.

Tim. That is, because you are so busie in weighing of *Kingdoms*, and making *remarques* upon *humane affairs*, that you don't mind your own *writings*. For if you did, you might there find that in your very *state of Nature*, the *will* is not the only measure of *right*, and that therein a man may be guilty of doing of that which is *unreasonable*.

Phi. I do not know why I should say so, or any thing like it.

Tim. Why you said it I know not: and I suppose it had been better for you not to have said it, because it contradicts much of your designe: but thus you say at the beginning of the forementioned *Annotations*, *Though a man in the state of Nature cannot be injurious to another, because there are as yet*

no *Humane* Lawes; yet in *such* a state he may offend God, or break the *Laws* of Nature: which very Lawes, you your self call the *Laws* of reason. So that you have no way to come cleaverly off, but to devise some cunning distinction between breaking a *Law* of reason, and doing that which is *unreasonable*.

Phi. What dost think, *Tim*, that at these years, and after so much experience, and after so many victories in discourse, that I will be taught by such a *whisper* as thou art, to come off. It is sufficient at present, to the case in hand, to say that nothing can be done or demanded *unreasonably* as to the matter of *meum* and *tuum*.

Tim. You had best have a care of granting any kind of thing whatever to be *unreasonable* in the state of Nature: because you know the *Magistrate* has not as yet sealed and stamp'd good and evil: but let that pass now. Suppose then that they should fight for the *Island*. Shall we give them

a *second view*, and another loose? we had best not. For you know, as you teach us : that *men by Nature are all equal*, i. e. though *Roger* may chance to have huge *Leggs*, yet *Dick* may have the quicker *eye* : and though *Tumbler* may have a very large *fist*, and a great *gripe*, yet *Tom-fer* may be in better breath, and have longer *nailes*.

Phi. No : no : I prethee don't let them *fight* by any meanes ; for that is so very foolish and *unreasonable*, that it is *unreasonable* to hear of it.

Tim. Well : imagine then that they doe not fight : may not *Roger*, when they come to treat, demand more than his share ? as suppose (as was before hinted) he should demand *half*.

Phi. So he may, if he please ; and get it too : there's no *Under-sheriff* to hinder him : neither has he subscribed to any agreement, nor sworn that he'l be content with less.

Tim. But he ought in *reason* and

and *equity* to be content with less.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, with how much less? Thou lookest as if thou couldst tell to an *inch*.

Tim. So I can. For he ought to be content just with a *fourth part*.

Phi. This surely is very pleasant! Why so *Tim*?

Tim. Because you say that he has a right to no more.

Phi. Where and in what company did I ever say, that *Roger* had a right but to a *fourth part*? but that I don't care to talk of *dying*, or else I'd be hang'd if I ever said any such thing in my whole life.

Tim. You said it just now. For you said that *Roger* has a *right* to the whole *Island*, and *Dick* has a right to the *whole*, and *Tumbler* and *Towser* have each of them a *right* also to the *whole*. And now shew me if there be any difference at all between four men having exactly the very same, same right to the whole, and one of them having a

right to the *fourth* part, and no more.

Phi. Pish! *Tim*, thou talkest (as thou usest to doe) very weakly. For when I said that every one of them had a *right* to *all* : I meant by *right* —

Tim. Nay, I care not what you did mean or ever can mean by it. I'll give you leave to mean by *right* what you please. A *Dog* or a *Cat* or any thing else. For still *Dick's dog* will be every whit as good as *Roger's*, and *Tomser's Cat* as big as *Tumbler's*. And so the case will be the same.

Phi. If I may not be suffered, *Tim*, to make an end of my sentence, who have instructed above these *threescore* years, I shall be gon.

Tim. Not so, I pray, *Sir* : You shall say what you please, for indeed I had like to have forgot your *age* and *privilege*.

Phi. I say then, that there can be no *right* to any part of this world by *Nature*. For we see people dwell in their *Fathers* houses, and possess their *ancestors* estates : and all by

by custom and *right* of *Law*.

Tim. You said all this many times before: and I say so too: and you know I told you, how I got an *interest* in these *shoes*; and I could tell you also that I got my *Gloves* by a meer *stratagem*, and that I hold them only by the *Lames* of the *Realm*. But we must not conclude, *Philantus*, because most of the world is now shar'd out, and by Gift, Fortune, Labour, Learning and other means gain'd and possessed; that therefore if *four men*, with *equall pretences*, shall fall upon a place never sought for, nor possessed, one of these (if he so pleases) may in good reason *broile* all the rest, to see what *monthes* and *faces* they'll make upon the *coals*.

Phi. This is nothing: give me in short all that you have said, or can say to prove that the forementioned people have any *right* to any part of *Pines*: and I don't at all question, but that I shall discover all that thou hast said to be

very empty and *Scholastically* dull,

Tim. I say thus: the men that we supposed are true *Natural men*, the place they come to, is perfectly *unpossessed*, they all arrive with *equall* pretences, and you your self besides have given them an *equall right*. And I know nothing wanting, unless like snayles each of them should have brought their houses on their heads, and rid down stradling upon their hundred acres: which might have stretch'd their *thighs*, and would have spoyled the *supposition*. This is that which I have to say, which I venture only to think *reasonable*. Now for your opinion, you have offered nothing but a company of *impossible things* (excepting only that *May* and *Can* is all one) such as mens shaking *hands* at a *mile's* distance, treating and bargaining before they *speake*, *Acts* of *Parliament* before there be any *Parliament*, and the like, and this you take your accustomed liberty to call *demonstration*.

Phi.

Phi. I thought I should take thee in some foolery or other: thou talkest of these peoples coming together, and thereupon of having equall pretences; and thou forgettest all this while that *possession* and *invention* (as they call it) are pieces of meer *positive humane Law*, not of any *Natural right*. If thou wilt call upon me one day, I'll shew thee how to turn the *Books*, where thou mai'st find abundance about them.

Tim. I believe I might: and about a hundred things more, that are never the less equitable and reasonable in themselves, because they are to be found in the *Law of Nations*, or the particular *Law* of any *Kingdom*.

Phi. What, can that be intrinsically and in reason good or bad, that is made so by *Constitution* or *Canon*?

Tim. What think you, *Philautus*, of a man's hanging himself? is there any *intrinsic* *Natural* evil in it?

Phi.

Phi. Evil! there's *Death* in the case: the chiefest of all *natural evils*.

Tim. So I remember you say (*Cap. 1. Art. 7.*) but there is the severest *Law* against him that does it, that can be devised; unless he could be fetch'd to *life*, and hang'd again. For he forfeits all his *Estate*. Do you hear me, *Sir*?

Phil. Yes: But I am not of such a *young mans* mind, as you are; neither do I ever intend to be.

Tim. That's spoken like a *Philosopher* indeed.

Phi. It is spoken like one, that *good manners* might oblige you, to be more attentive to. Do you think, *Tim*, that towards my *last dayes* (which I hope will never come) I'll alter my opinion, upon such childish and insignificant persuasions as thine? And believe that a man can have any *Naturall right* or title to Land, when I so certainly know, that in general there's no kind whatever of *just* or *unjust*,
right,

right or wrong, good or evil; but what the *Magistrate* does *signe* and *determine*?

Tim. Upon my word, *Philantus*, you improve very much as to daringness in your assertions. For seeing that we have found out already in the very *state* of *Nature* *just*, and *unjust*, as to absolute dirt and *Earth*, I hope we shall be able with much more ease, to find out a little *good* and *evil*.

Phi. You must have better eyes, than ever I met any body had yet.

Tim. However I'll bestow a little looking; and I hope I shall not lose it altogether so much, as they that went to see the *invisible* *dogg*. Especially, *Philantus*, if you will but continue courageous, and when you talk of *justice*, not fetch about as you did before to my *Lord Chief Justice*, and *Justices* of the *Peace*, and the like.

Phi. What need you fear my giving back? when as you'll find it Printed

ted in my Preface, that there are no *Authenticall Doctrines* concerning *just* and *unjust*, *right* and *wrong*, *good* and *evil*, but what is so determined by the constituted *Laws* in each *Realm* and *Government*. And by those, to whom the *Supreme* has committed the interpretation of his *Laws*.

Tim. When you jumble all those words together, *Philantus*, viz. *just*, *unjust*, &c. I phantasie that you still lie upon the old cheat. And because by *Bargain*, *Indenture* or *Patent*, I hold such a *Farme*, such a *Coalemine*, or such and such *Priviledges*; therefore I must send for a *Lawyer* to draw me up a *Conveyance* for modesty and mercy; and get the *Broad-seal* to give me title to be *faithfull* and *sober*.

Phi. Thou talkest of *Titles* and *Conveyances*; thou wantest some body to make over a little understanding to thee. For what can be more intelligible than *just* and *unjust*? but yet because my *Book* might possibly meet with such a toole as thou

thou art , I added besides *tight* and *wrong*.

Tim. You know , *Philantus* , (as was before hinted) that that's as very a fetch , as t'other. For , because of the relation that is between *ius* and *lex* , we face presently about again to *Freehold* and *Coppyhold* , to *Messuages* and *Appurtenances*.

Phi. Because , *Tim* , I would gladly be rid of thee ; thou shalt put in *lawful* and *unlawful* : My side is so true , that I may give thee leave to pick thy words.

Tim. Now you are sweet indeed : for you suppose a time , wherein there's no *Law* : And then to use your own words , by *firm reasons* you demonstrate that no *Law* can be broken during that time : and *he that does thus* , say you (meaning your self) is to be looked upon as a great dispeller of clouds , and as one that shews the high way to peace , and that teaches to avoid the close , dark and dangerous by-paths of *Faction* , and I know not what more.

Phi.

Phi. What a slavery 'tis, to do one good, that labours so hard against it!

Tim. You need not trouble your self any further, *Philantus*; for you have your self put in two words that will fully try the business, *viz. good and evil.* Each of which, say you, are to be determined by the *Supreme Power.*

Phi. Yes: I say it; and I am sure no man is able to contradict me: For who is so fit to judge what is good or evil, as the *Supreme Power*? and what shall direct or determine his opinion but his own pleasure.

Tim. I'll tell you what shall direct him——

Phi. Hold: do you know what you are going to say? *Rex in regno suo — Stat pro ratione voluntas. Supremus sive summus.* What, *Tim*, art thou so utterly barren, that thou hast neither *Divinity*, *Poetry*, nor *Grammar* within thee? Thou speakest of a *supreme power*, and then talkest of his

his being awed and controuled by
 somewhat else. To have such a *su-
 preme power* is not worth the smock
 of a ladle. Such a one is *supreme*,
 suppose, and he thinks such a thing
 very good and convenient, and he
 must send it to the *Pope* or *Emperour*,
 or I know not whither, to have it
 touched and tried, to know whether
 it will pass.

Tim. He need not send so far; he
 may consult *common equity*; and his
 own *reason*; which will not only
 direct him, in determining of those
 things that are indifferent, or in con-
 troversie (which are the proper ob-
 ject of such authority;) but which
 will acquaint him and all mankind
 besides (excepting *Philantus*) that
 there be several things most firmly
 and undoubtedly *good* in themselves,
 and will continue so, let all the *su-
 premes* in the *World* meet together
 to Vote them down; and there be o-
 thers which are so famously *bad* and
unreasonable, that all the *Princes* up-
 on earth (if they should conspire)
 can

can never set them up, and give them credit.

Phi. And is not this very *pragmatical*, and somewhat *treasonish* besides, to go about to confine the Power of the *Supreme Magistrate*, who is therefore called and acknowledged such, from his *undeniable* and *irresistable pleasure*? And therefore, say I again, he ought most certainly to determine all things.

Tim. So say I, if they be not too nimble for his *Power*, and determine themselves before his *Supremacy* can get hold of them. And truly, *Philautus*, the *Magistrate* has no reason at all to be angry, or to think himself checked & affronted; if there be some such things that decree themselves to be *good* and *bad*, long before *Term* begins; *viz.* in that same supposed *Vacation* of yours, the *state of Nature*. For, when he comes to open, and give sentence, he will not only find much work done to his hands, but he'll find besides that hereby he'll be very much assisted towards well governing,

verning, and towards his deciding such matters as require deciding, and which do belong to his place and profession to decide. But as for those things we have been now speaking of, he must not by any means go about to alter or repeal them: For, if he should, it would be altogether as vain, as to call a *Council* to make two and three to be nineteen; or to issue out an order against the next *Eclipse*, or to mount all the *Canons* at the *Tower* against the next *spring-tide* that should offer to come up to *London-Bridge*.

Phi. Certainly, *Tim*, these same unalterable and irrevocable goods and bads that thou talkest of in the *state of Nature* are very fine things: The *Magistrate*, thou sayst, did not make them; I wonder who did, whence they came, and who brought them?

Tim. They came down, *Sir*, the last great rain, we talked of a while ago; for the very same four men that brought word to *Pines*, that

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the

the *Whole* is equal to all its parts; and that if four have equal right to the *whole*, each have a right to the fourth part; brought also abundance of moral rules, that is of goods and bads, reasonables and unreasonable.

Phi. Abundance dost say? I don't think that thou hast enough to stop a *hollow-tooth*. I would brush up my eyes most mightily, if thou wouldest but shew me one of those rarities. But I am afraid that they are like those same *perpetual Lamps*, that some *Philosophers* speak of, which have got a trick of going out always when people go to see them.

Tim. What think you of *drunkenness*, *Philautus*? Is it a thing altogether indifferent, till the *Magistrate* has given his opinion in the case?

Phi. Truly, *Tim*, I must tell you, that whilst *Dick*, *Roger*, and the rest continue in the *state of Nature*, they may take a *cup of the creature* with more freedom and less inconvenience,

ence, than thou dost imagine. For the windows are not as yet glazed, nor the Constables chosen : and if one of them having received an occasion of being more than ordinary thoughtful, should, by chance, set his foot not exactly in the path ; here's no breach of Law, Trespass or action in the Case, because the Land is yet stands wholly undivided.

Tim. But it is not very bad husbandry to make an hundred steps for that, which might have been done as well with forty ?

Phi. Now, *Tim*, I advise thee to take leave of thy friends ; for thou hast said that, which will prove thy utter destruction. I do grant indeed that intemperance is very silly and unreasonable ; not because it is so in it self, but because (now, *Tim*, keep thy eye fixed) I say again, but because 'tis inpolitick, and perfectly against my interest : for it makes me obnoxious to many dangers, and several diseases ; and besides it destroys and weakens the use of my

reason, and so renders me unable either to defend my estate from cheats, or my life and limbs from such as are quarrellous.

Tim. Truly, *Philantus*, I did never look upon temperance to be altogether so good to kill Rats, as *Arfnick* and *Raysons*; nor to carry one over the water, as a sculler or oares: But if there be any reason to be given, why it ought to be approved of before the contrary, besides the *Magistrates* determination therein, then (as was before mentioned) you are not so great a dispeller of Clouds, as you promised to be, when you said, that by firm reasons you would demonstrate that there was no good or evil till the Supreme Power had set it out: and therefore at present I resolve to defer speaking to self interest; and shall shew you another rarity. What think you of faithfulness, i. e. of keeping your promise, or standing to your bargain? Is it not a very reasonable thing, though there were never a

Magistrate

Magistrate in the whole World?

Phi. You talk of shewing me *rarities*, *Tim*; and you draw out some of my *fundamental wares*: for to perform *Contracts*, or to keep trust is my *second Law of Nature*. That is, when people are resolved to end the *state of war*, by relinquishing their right to all things, it is very requisite that *Contracts* should be stood to, for they direct to *peace* and *self-defence*.

Tim. But is it not a *good* and *reasonable* thing in it self to perform *Contracts*, in the very *state of nature*?

Phi. What time didst thou go to bed last night, *Tim*? What, would you have a thing good, before there be any such thing at all? You ask whether it be not good to stand to *Contracts*; when 'tis supposed, that there has not been so much as one rag dealt for in the whole world.

Tim. For all that, I can conceive it very *just* and *reasonable* for a man to keep his word, although he ne-

ver spoke as yet, nor perhaps never shall. For suppose there were not one drop of *Liquor* in the whole *Island*, that we have been talking of; yet I count it as *unreasonable* for *Roger* to be drunk, as if he were just ready to set the great *pitcher* to his mouth, and had sufficient matter to proceed upon. And it seems, I believe, to most men (except your self, *Philautus*) a very *unnatural* and *unjust* thing for a *Judge* or *Arbiter* to incline to either side; though there never was as yet one Case put to reference, nor should be these thousand years.

Phi. Thou hast gone on, *Tim*, in thy careless shuffling way, I know not whither: And now I must dash thee all in pieces, and tell thee; that thou talkest like one not at all conversant in my Writings: for if thou hadst, thou wouldst there have found no less than twenty good and bad things, all fetched from reason; such as faithfulness, mercy, humility, temperance, reproach, ingratitude, &c. which

which I call my *Laws of Nature*. But here's the pinch of the business, and that which thou didst never attend to; these things I say are *good* and *bad*, not because they are so inwardly in themselves, but because they either conduce to peace in general, or are for a man's own quiet and safety, or for his health, or profit, or recreation, or for the advantage of his Family or Relations, or are a hindrance of these: in short, because they are for, or against a man's *interest*.

Tim. This was a great *dash* indeed, *Philantus*; and I have improved more by it, than by all that you have said I know not how long: for if we be discoursing concerning some action, or disposition of mind that is *good*; and if the same chance to prove convenient either to *King* or *Subject*, *Church* or *State*, for my self or any body else, for *this* life or *next*: That is, if it be good for any thing that has but a name, then is it not *good* in it self, but *good* upon another account; which, let

it be what it will, with a little artifice of phrase may be so twisted, as it shall certainly be all driven upon your common shoar of *interest*. Truly, *Philantus*, I can scarce tell what you would have meant by things being *good in themselves*, unless you would have them only to be pictured with pretty eyes, mouths and lips; or have a man get the *vertues* and hang them upon several strings, or tye them to the end of some sticks, and so sing over his most excellent and dainty *Justice*, his curious amiable *Temperance*, his bright angelical *Mercy*, and the like. But I might have taken much less pains, *Philantus*, to have shewn against you, that all *good* and *evil* does not depend either upon *self interest*, or *humane Law*; because you are so very over kind as to acknowledge it, and confute your self.

Phi. You may as well say, that the second *Proposition* of *Euclid* does contradict and void the first.

Tim. You may say so, if you please;

pleases; but I am resolved I won't, when I see so much reason to say otherwise.

Phi. About what place, and in what *Article*, canst thou possibly pick out any such absurdity?

Tim. I did shew you one place, you know, long ago; where you said, that a man in the very *state of Nature* might be guilty of breaking the *Laws of Nature*; which is all one, according to your self, as to say, that a man may act against *reason*, before there be any *positive Laws*; and that's all that I desire you would acknowledge: Neither do I suppose, that you did intend to excuse your self, by what you say a little after, *viz.* If any man pretend somewhat to tend necessarily to his preservation, which yet he himself doth not confidently believe so, he may offend against the *Laws of Nature*: For this is a further acknowledgement of what you said before; and shews plainly that *hypocrisie* in the very *state of Nature* is an unreasonable thing.

Phi.

Phi. You may fool your self, *Tim*, and gape for as many *acknowledgements* as you will: But I hold and say that the *Laws of nature* in the state of nature are silent; provided that they be referred not to the mind, but to the actions of men.

Tim. I remember you say this, in the second *Article* of your fifth *Chapter*. But, if you had not forgot, what you had said upon the 18. *Art.* of your 3. *Chap.* you would have granted that some *natural Laws* do more than meerly *buz* in the mind, during the very state of war or nature.

Phi. Why, what do I say there?

Tim. No great matter, *Sir*; only I find there these words; viz. but there are certain *natural Laws* whose *Exercise* (I pray mind that word) ceaseth not even in the time of war it self: For (as you go on) I cannot understand what drunkenness or cruelty (that is revenge which respects not the future good) can advance towards peace or the preservation

servation of any man.

Phi. Now what dost thou infer from this, *Tim*? What purchase dost thou intend to make?

Tim. No great purchase, *Sir*; only I do think that the *second Proposition* of *Euclid* does not altogether contradict the *first* so much, as these two places do one another.

Phi. And now thou thinkest, thou hast got me so fast; whereas I can come off easily only by saying, that I did not mean all the *Laws of Nature*, when I said that the *Laws of nature* are silent in the *state of nature*.

Tim. If you please, *Sir*, you may so explain your self: But however, if you your self, *Philautus*, will bestow upon me only *one or two Laws* that ought to be observed in the *state of Nature*, I take it more kindly, than if any body else had given me *half a score*.

Phi. I always found it an endless thing to reason and discourse people into any soundness of mind, (especially

ally as to *Morals*) who would not make any *observations* of their own. And therefore I prethee, *Tim*, go spend one quarter of an hour in the *streets*, and I'll stay here; and observe well, what people are doing of; and when thou comest back again, I do not at all question but that thou wilt fully believe what I have taught thee to be true; namely, that the world is wholly disposed of, and guided by *self-interest*.

Tim. I need not go now, *Sir*; because in the *morning* as I came hither, I found it exactly so, as you say. In one place there was a man buying a *cloak*, as hard as ever he could, not in the least for *me*, but for *himself* wholly; and the *seller* he claws up the money, and without saying one word to his *Neighbours*, pockets it all up: In another place there was a *Porter* lying close upon the lurch at a *Tavern-door*, who, had he no *interest* to drive on there, might e'en as well have been here, upon the *walks*.

Phi. Thou needest not speak any more, *Tim*, for I do say thus much unto thee, that unless thou dyest a fool, thou wilt perceive that *interest* is the very first principle of Nature, and reason; and that men must *mind* themselves if they intend to live.

Tim. Yes, *Sir*: So let them; if they doe not *overmind* themselves: and cry only *Milk*, when they should cry *milk* and *water*; and score up *Claret*, when it should be *Cider*. People ought, *Sir*, to take care of themselves; but I would not have them pick *blind mens pockets*, and cheat *children* of there *Bread* and *Butter*, and then admire their own *parts*, and *quickness* of *sight*. *Interest*, *Philantus*, is a word innocent enough, but only when it crosses *equity* and *reason*: which, according to you, it never can doe, being the *first dictate* of *right reason*. And therefore if *righteousness* or *mercy*, or any other good thing happen to be against this my *first dictate* of *right*

right reason; I must desire them to withdraw for a time: for at present they are very troublesome and nonsense beside.

Phi. And wilt thou be so childish after all these instructions, as not to believe that *interest* is, and ought to be the first principle?

Tim. It must needs be the first, Sir, for that very reason you self give: (concerning seeking of peace) namely, *because the rest follow.* Which you might easily make sure of, if the *Printer* did not misplace things, and so disappoint you.

Phi. I perceive *Tim*, that thou art much given to delight in toys, and to neglect things of moment. My main reason that *self interest* is to be looked upon as the first Principle of Nature was, because I found that every man was desirous of what was good for him, and shunn'd what was hurtful and evil: and this he did by a certain impulsion of Nature, no less than that whereby a stone moves downward.

Tim;

Tim. By your leave, *Philantus*, I think that this reason seems to promise somewhat bigger than the former; but it is not so true. For though children desire, and use means to get all things that please them; and avoid and flie back from all things that hurt them, even as a stone comes downward: yet it is to be supposed that what men desire or avoid, they do it not as a stone comes downward, but with consideration and reason: and thereupon ought to submit to poverty and other inconveniences, rather than to reproach Humane Nature, and be guilty of an unreasonable action. And therefore a child that pulls hard for a jewel, which cost the owner perhaps much trouble, and many dangerous voyages, shall be excused: but there's little reason that a great lassic Lubber that spends his time in the Chimney-corner and Ale, should snatch it away, and not cry for't first.

Phi.

Phi. If he and his *family* be ready to *starve*, that alters the case very much: for 'tis great pity that any *rational creatures* should be *lost*.

Tim. *Starve*, or not *starve* 'tis all one for that: for 'tis a very *lawfull* cordial, so that it be but his opinion that he wants at present, or may afterward want. For seeing that right reason tells him that *life* is to be *preserved*: it tells him also (as you well advise *Ch. 1. Art. 8.*) that *he must use the meanes to preserve it*: and seeing that no man can know when another is *sufficiently alive*, so well as he himself, therefore (as you advise further, *Art. 9.*) *he is to judge what is requisite and convenient for that purpose*. And therefore sayes the *self preserver*,
 "There's a company of people
 "who, when I was out of the way,
 "have gon and *divided the world*
 "without asking my leave, or taking my counsell, or *consent*: I am
 "sure there's no fault to be found
 "with *Nature*: for she was alwayes
 very

"very carefull, and intended eve-
 "ry man a sufficient share. And
 "therefore if they'l begin once
 "more, and *divide* all over again,
 "and consider all mens *deserts*,
 "strength and *constitution*, well and
 "good : But otherwise I see no
 "reason to stand to this *blind bar-*
 "gain they made in my absence.
 "For I find that my *stomach* is very
 "cold, and *Nature* that is famous
 "for *doing nothing that is Idle*, oft-
 "time calls for a glass of *Wine*, and
 "(with shame to these *dividers* be
 "it spoken) it comes not, for want
 "of *money*. I find also that my
 "head is much given to aking, for
 "want of a lighter *Peruke* ; and for
 "want of a *Boy* to comb it, I had
 "lately like to have lost the use of
 "my *Thumb*. I can't doe as other
 "people ; for my *flesh* is so soft
 "and gentle, that ordinary stock-
 "ings presently *plough* up my *Leggs* ;
 "and if I have not a *Watch* and a
 "few *Guineas* about me, I present-
 "ly *yawn* and am as *chill* as if I
 M " had

" had an *Ague*. And therefore, I
 " say, I must make use of my *parts*,
 " and some of *Reason's dictates* to
 " preserve me from *sorrows* and the
 " *Grave*.

Phi. Thou hast now, *Tim*, talked
 together, more than becomes thee
 by *fourty years*. To all which I
 say, that I do give thee and all
 mankind besides leave, to shew me
 any thing better for *peace* and *Go-*
vernment than that first principle of
self-interest which I laid down, and
discovered to the world.

Tim. It is strange ambition, when
 people will take upon them to be
 the *Author* of that of which they
 are not, though it be never so false
 and ridiculous.

Phi. Why, who did ever hold
self-interest to be the first principle of
Nature and *Government* ?

Tim. Truly, I believe not ma-
 ny ever held it long, because it was
 so egregiously silly. But if you look
 no further than the 3d. page of an
 ordinary *Schoole book*, viz. *Tully's*
Offices

offices: you will there find that there was a sort of small philosophers that were of your opinion.

Phil. What, perhaps they talked somewhere in their writings of self-interest: but that was not the foundation and first principle of their philosophy.

Tim. If *summum bonum* be Latin for foundation or first principle (which in morals, I suppose it is) and that *suis commodis metiri* signifie to measure by self-interest; then I tell you there were a sort of unreasonable people whose Philosophy stood upon your very Principle. Concerning whom the Oratour justly sayes, that if they lived a life exactly answerable to their own opinions, and were not sometimes overcome by good nature, they must be perpetuall knaves.

Phi. I don't understand what you and your Oratour meane; but this I'll swear, that if there be any knavery in my principles, I know not what will become of your Bible.

For I tried all my *Laws* of Nature which I deduc'd from *self interest* by that *Book*; and I found (as I tell you *Art. 1. ch. 4.*) that they are exactly the same, with those that have been delivered from the Divine Majesty for the *Laws* of his Heavenly Kingdom, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and his Holy Prophets and Apostles.

Tim. I'll tell you, *Philantus*, how that might be easily done: You went to the *Bible*, suppose, and thence pick'd out a company of very good *Laws*, and then having ordered and wrested them to your own design; then you go again to the *Bible*, and finding that they were not flown away, you cry, see here! what ignorant people are they that shall goe about to find fault with my principles; when as *Christ* and I hold forth the same *Doctrine*; as is plain by a whole Chapter full of *Scripture* which I produce?

Phi. Doe not I recommend the same *justice*, *mercy*, *equity*, &c. that are recommended in the *Bible*?

Tim.

Tim. Yes : But you don't re-
commend them every day in the
week : for perhaps at present there
may be no inconvenience in be-
ing just and righteous : but to mor-
row it may be against my interest :
and the *Castle-principle* must never
be forsaken. This is so very plain,
as it need not be insisted on, and
besides, it begins to be time, *Phi-*
lantus, to think of some protection
for that inward member of the bo-
dy, called the *stomach*.

Phi. In that, *Tim*, I agree with
thee, but in nothing else. And I am
e'en sorry that I have stayed thus
long : for thou hast been so perverse,
that I am afraid I have done thee
but little good. And so farewell,

FINIS.



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TO HIS
Old dear Friend

R. L.
From T. B



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TO HIS

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Y. R. L.

From T. B.



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A LETTER, &c.

S I R,

YOU had received this, and what follows, long before this time; but I was loth to trouble the World on purpose, upon so small an occasion: And therefore I rather chose to wait the pleasure of a *Friend*, who had promised me the running of two or three *Letters*, in his *Dialogue* concerning *Mr. Hobbs*. The *first* whereof concerns one, who was pleased to send only a short friendly admonition with his name to't; who being a Person of great worth, piety and gravity, I am very sorry that he should be so imposed upon by the heats and sayings of others, as to give under

his hand no better Grounds and Arguments for his Reproof.

After him, *Sir*, comes a very *Smart hot-spur*, who like a *Whisper* at my *Lord Mayor's Show*, runs up and down with a *spit-fire*; crying, make room there for *Euclid*: bear back, and take in ten *Demonstrations* against *Learning* and *Riches*: and (which is much to be wondred at) this *Gentleman, Sir*, with nothing but the poor helps of *Wits Commonwealth*, *Godwyn's Antiquities*, *Clerk's Formula*, *Spencer's Similitudes*, or *Things new and old*, *Theatrum vite humana*, and two or three smaller *Books* besides, such as *A help to discourse*, the *Pearls of Eloquence*, *Blunt's Academy of Eloquence*, proves the strangest kind of things that ever you heard of in your whole life: and all ordered and managed according to *Euclid*. He and *Antoninus* together make nothing to prove, you, dear *Sir*, are no body at all: that you are a meer *fiction*, a cheat of *Sir Politick* would be, an *Imposture* of a
sick

sick brain, a dream, device, and car-
 minple. He did but whistle, and
 call for his small Greek *Diveling*,
~~right~~ *laurel*, and if I had not made
 great haste, and pull'd you back by
 the Leg, you had been quite gone:
 And so he had like to have served
 the *Academick Youngster* that made
 the chief of his speech of *Muses*,
Nosegays, and his own *tenuity*. He
 durst not absolutely say that his name
 was *Nicholas Nemo*; but, which is
 very near unto't, he thinks it *much*
more probable that the Sea burns, than
that there should ever be such stuff put
together. Now, Sir, were it not for
 the *Kings and Merchants Ships* that
 are now abroad, I had a great mind
 to have fired the sea; and told it
 him in *Latin*. However look to your
 selves *Ships*, for I profess I cannot for-
 bear, but I must try to call to mind a
 little of it. *Cum tenellam meam in*
dicendo peritiam, & coruscantem ve-
strorum oculorum fulgurationem me-
cum reputo, profecto Academici, instar
Niobes, pallidus & tremebundus ob-

stapesco : Et cum oratio mea nullis ver-
borum stellis ornata , nullis phrasum
syderibus illuminata , nullis eloquentie
luminibus distincta , denique cum am-
brosia & nectaris succo penitus est va-
cua , ad stillicidia vestri favoris &
benevolentie , & ad Achilleam vestri
patrocinii panopliam confugio : And
 so much concerning *Nicholas Nemo*.
 But these are but things by the by ;
 for this *Authour's* masterpiece is con-
 cerning *Riches* and *Wisdom* ; both
 which he has so horribly discoura-
 ged , by pressing the great duties
 and conveniencies of being *ignorant*
 and *poor* , from the *History* of the
Jews , the *Grecians* , the *Romans* ,
 both *Pagan* and *Christian* , and from
 our *Saviour* himself and his *Disci-*
ples : that I am afraid that *money* it
 self, as well as *Learning* , will go a
 begging ; and that it will be a very
 hard matter ever to perswade either
Clergy-men or others to undergo a-
 gain the trouble and scandal of be-
 ing *wise* or *rich*. It cannot but be
 expected that hereupon *Lands* must
 necessarily

necessarily fall to eight years purchase, money to fifty shillings per cent. and as for *History*, *Philosophy*, *Languages*, and other parts of Learning, take one with another, and they may fetch perhaps six pence a bushel, heap'd as long as they'll run; and that's all. And then for running a man up in a corner, he is the most severe and persecuting that you ever met withall. In one place of his *Preface*, he drives me up so very close, concerning my writing my *Book*, *either to inform my self, or others*; that I began to suspect, *Sir*, whether I ever writ any *Letter* to you or not: but looking upon't again, I found at last that he only proved that I ought not to have written one. And this further I observe of him, that where ever he gets any advantage, he has no more mercy than a *Tyger*. He knows, as well as I do my right hand from my left, that I do not much care for a bit of *Greek*: and yet to vex and spight me, and to make me tired of the world, he'll

bring in at a venture, I know not how much, though it be nothing at all to the purpose. If you remember, Sir, we have such a saying in *English*, that a man that is brought to be very poor, is brought to great necessity; and ἀνάγκη, being Greek for necessity, he thought it had been Greek for poverty too; and so urging the great conveniencies of poverty, to choak me, he gives me that golden scrap of *Pythagoras*, (as he calls it,) δύναμις καὶ ἀνάγκη ἐν ἑαυτῇ ναίει. Hoping, poor Gentleman! that δύναμις had signified *virtue*, and ἀνάγκη poverty: and he might e'en as well have quoted that scrap of *Camden*, Ἀρχαία δύναμις καὶ πάντα κατὰ δύναμιν. For δύναμις there signifies *power*, and ἀνάγκη necessity or fate: which is plain by their being so rendred, and by the foregoing Verse, in which *Pythagoras* advises a man not to quarrel or part with a friend for a small fault, but to forgive him, ὅσον δύνῃ, as far as he was able; δύναμις καὶ ἀνάγκη ἐν ἑαυτῇ ναίει. For he that forgives another to the utmost

utmost of his power, will very near as
 certainly forgive him, as if it had been
 so decreed by the fates. I think some-
 where in the New Testament that
ἀνάγκη do signifie necessities, or as we
 say streights: under which are com-
 prehended not only money-streights,
 but all kind of inconveniencies,
 which are difficultly to be avoided:
 such as dishonour, false friends, sick-
 ness, or the like. But as for *ἀνάγειν*
 signifying poverty, I phantasie it will
 be a very hard matter to find it, not
 only in *Pythagoras*, but any where
 else, except it be in such a Book as *Ly-
 costhenes*. Now, Sir, after all this, it
 is all one to me what the true mean-
 ing of the word is: and I had not
 taken any notice of it, but only I
 know as I said before he quoted it
 out of malice, on purpose to make
 me fret, and hang my self. And so
 he does another piece of *Greek*, in
 what he says concerning *Schools*; viz.
ἐν ταῖς σχολαῖς ποιεῖται ἡ δολοφονία by which he
 intended doubly to kill me: First,
 because 'twas *Greek*, and then be-
 cause

cause he tells me, *plodding Aristotle* said it; and that it was as well said as if Cartes himself had said it; and think he, that same *εἰς τὸν αἶον* is a thundering word, and will make the Rogue eat his very flesh for madness. And I'll translate it thus; *Πάντα μεταβάλλει οὐκ ἐκ τῆς φύσεως*, changing foundations is oftentimes of dangerous consequence: Being, Sir, (as you must needs think) deadly mad to hear a sentence out of *Aristotle*, so magnificently translated against me; I was resolved, if possible, that the sentence should not be in *Aristotle*; or if it were, it should require nothing near such a glorious and dreadful Translation. And I profess, to be short, Sir, I was made happy, and had my design: for (as I believe) that sentence is no where to be found in *plodding Aristotle*, but in *plodding Themistius*, a *plodding Commentator* upon *plodding Aristotle*: and besides, *εἰς τὸν αἶον* does not signifie a calf with five legs, a colt with three heads, or any such frightful and monstrous thing;

thing; but very mildly, as one can desire. For Aristotle, in the fourth of his Physicks, *de iis que in tempore sunt*; finding fault with those that thought that time it self did alter, and corrupt things, puts in these words, *ἡ δὲ κίνησις ἐστὶν ἡ αἰτία τοῦ μεταβάλλειν, ἢ. ε.* that motion (not time it self) is that which alters things, or that puts things out of that state and condition in which they are; upon which words Themistius thus comments: *Πᾶσι μεταβάλλειν οὐκ ἔστι χρόνος; that is, if an old barn or an old tree tumble down; it is not meer time that rots them, or tumbles them down; but it is αἰτία that does it, ἢ. ε. the wind, the weather, or somewhat else that makes holes in them, and puts them out of their place. Now, Sir, as I told you before, it is very indifferent to me what this and what t'other word signifie; only I would have had him left out the abuse, and not have told me, that it was as well said as if Cartes had said it; because it is just as well, and no better; it being*

being a *fundamental principle* of his *Philosophy*, that *all alteration is caused by motion*.

And so let thus much at present serve for the *second Answerer*: after whom comes the *Doomster*, or *Fire and Brimstone* it self; who pulling out of his *Magazine*, four or five *Sermons* concerning the *existence of a God*, the *Authority of the Scriptures*, *Providence*, &c. and raking together an hundred or two of *names* for me, and all the *curses* in the *Bible*; he bundles up all this together, and in as dreadful *black*, as ever was branded upon *wool-pack*, he writes *Hiæragonisticon*, or an *Answer to my two Letters*. I looked, *Sir*, upon some few *Pages*, and I find all this comfort for my self; an *Universal repaganizer*, *Popeling*, a *worshipper of the beast*, *Loyolite*, *Jesuited Pandor*, *Herod*, *Judas*, *Pilate*, *Antiscripturist*, *Antichrist*, *Antiprovidentialist*, *Atheist*; to whom, *Sir*, I have said very little, but only told him that he was *mad*, and that I was not singular,

singular, for the rest of the world did think so. Perhaps, Sir, you may have a mind to know how it is possible that a *Sermon* for Providence should be against me, and how he should get it in, or any thing like it. If you remember, Sir, speaking somewhere in my first Letter concerning the great convenience of a tolerable maintenance, for the Ministry; it is there said, that people should not be suffered to take away from God's Priests, what he had designed them, lest some thereupon should think that he seemed to take no care of them: Upon which, he springs forth, Say you so! What are you there abouts? Nay, even off with your Maskado, and profess your self a right down Atheist, or Antiprovidentialist: which if you do, then (by the grace of God) I'll pull out one of my best Sermons, concerning Providence, and so shamefully rout you, as never Heathen was routed: and so away he goes, proving Providence as hard as ever he can.

I hear, *Sir*, of eight or ten *Answerers* more that may possibly come out this *Spring*, if it be seasonable and warm: but if they do, I shall make some interest to get my reply into *Muddiman's Letter*, or to stand at the bottom of the *Gazette*, amongst the *strayed Horses* and *Apprentices*. For you know, *Sir*, I have nothing more to say; unless it may be here convenient, *Sir*, to beg so much room in your *Letter*, as to desire those (if there be any such) who are still offended, at what I said concerning *Allegories*; to read one place of *Scripture*, as well as another: and when they have read, and well weighed, what is said by *St. Luke c. 8. v. 9.* That *his Disciples did not understand the Parable of the Sower*; and not understanding, desired the meaning; and (as the *Learned Dr. Hammond* notes) *Christ answered, that he did it on purpose, as a punishment to those that had had clear means and perspicuous expressions and manifestations; that seeing they might not see; that is,*
clear

clear means was now denied unto them,
 and none but parables was allowed, as
 a punishment of their former obdura-
 tion against his means: As also, upon
 what occasion it was that our Sa-
 viour said, St. Matth. 13. 14. And
 seeing they shall see, and not perceive,
 &c. (as the same Doctor observes)
 being an obstinate people they shall not
 receive so much profit as otherwise they
 might: things shall be so enigma-
 tically and darkly represented to them,
 that they (having before shut their
 eyes) shall now discern but little; and
 what follows, v. 15. For this peoples
 heart is waxed gross, &c. i. e. (speak-
 ing still of making use of Parables)
 and this is a just judgment of God's
 upon them, for their former obdura-
 tion and obstinacy; in that they would
 not see nor hear heretofore: I say,
 when they have considered of these,
 and many such like places of Scri-
 pture; and after all, they shall still
 think, that they have as much
 reason to punish their Auditors, as
 our Saviour had some of his: Nay,
 to

to torture them with *Allegories* ten times more remote from common apprehension; I have nothing to say to them, but only to leave them to their own way, and understanding.

But it is time now, *Sir*, to take my leave of you, and (setting aside all fashionable conclusions) I desire that I may do it with what *Bishop Sanderson* says in his first *Sermon ad Audiam*; which possibly may do some body or other more good, than any complement could ever have done you service. He speaking, *Sir*, of making use of *Rhetorical Ornaments and Elegancies in popular Sermons*, says thus; *That as such things are sometimes very allowable, useful and approved of by Scripture it self; if it be discreetly and sparingly done, and counts those uncharitable, and unjust, that in general condemn all such Rhetorical Ornaments as savouring of an unsanctified spirit: So (says he) I confess there may be a fault this way, and (in young men especially before their judgements are grown to a just ripeness)*

ripeness) many times there is. For (as he continues) affectation in this as in every thing else is both tedious and ridiculous; and in this by so much more than in other things, by how much more the condition of the person, and the nature of the business require a sober, serious, grave deportment. Those preachers therefore by a little vanity in this kind, take the readiest way to bring both their own discretions into question, and the sacred word they handle into contempt, that play with words as children do with a feather.

I have been mistaken by some, but however I hope you will always think that I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation

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LETTER

To B. O.

The Publisher of M^r HERBERTS
Country Parson.

From T. B.



L O N D O N,

Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, for Nathaniel
Brooke, at the Sign of the *Angel* in Corn-
hill, near the Royal Exchange. 1672.

LETTER

To B.O.

RECEIVED OF THE

Содержание

A. T. 1071

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



A LETTER, &c.

Honour'd Sir,

I Received your fifth *Paragraph* (as you call it) long since, wherein you tell me, that I am the *Author* of a *scandalous Book*: and if I had the very next day sent you word back again, that I am not the *Author* of any such *Book*; I had given you just as full an answer, as you have given reasons that I am so. For that great service, *Sir*, that you have done the *Church*, and are able still to doe it, I have a very great respect for you: but I doe much wonder, that you would not a little defer calling any *Book scandalous*, till you had thought of some bet-

ter ways to make it appear so: or have told me what you meant by *scandalous*. For you know, Sir, the word has been taken in so many senses that there has been a time when *Almond butter* has been counted *rebellion*, *minced Pye* *Idolatry*, and if a little *Wine* were put thereunto, it was as ill as *worshipping* the *host*: and to eat *Custards* with *spoons* was abominably *scandalous*, but to be lengag'd in *Sack* posset up to the eyes, with *Ladles*, was *Christian*, *Orthodox*, and *Brotherly*. Therefore when you say that that *Book* is *scandalous*, if you mean that it puts men on mind of their follies, that it abates the glory of some mens preaching, that some people now are longer making their Sermons, if you mean that some dislike it, with that it never had been Printed, are very angry, may are staring raving mad; I know then that it is so *very scandalous*, that there be those that are lovers of themselves and only of their own way,

way, that at a venture they wish the Author hang'd, a thousand and a thousand times over.

But if you meant any thing more by *scandalous*, I wish you had made it out. For I would not have you think, *Sir*, that you have done enough towards it, only by saying (as you doe) that I am puffed up, that if I had known the man that preached upon *Weep not, &c.* I ought to have cryed : That my Book has given offence to diverse eminent grave and Learned men ; and is loathsomie to all good men. That Henry the eight had like to have been in Orders, &c. and that you know of two or three Noble mens sons that in former times were in Orders, and of six or seven that at this present are : and that an holy man in a poor Living is in the kingdome of Heaven, if there be one upon Earth : which (you say) you believe, because you durst undertake to hold this Thesis against any Jesuit, viz. *Status inopis parochi*

*est in Ecclesiâ Anglicanâ, est per-
fectior statu ejuslibet Monachi in Ec-
clesiâ Romanâ.* But I suppose, *Sir*,
when you design'd me a *Paragraph*,
and to call my Book *scandalous*;
you intended some better reasons,
if you had not forgot them. But
I pray, *Sir*, how come you to
think that I was puffed up? I pro-
fess, *Sir*, I don't find my constitu-
tion to be a whit more *scandalous*
than formerly: My pulse beates
neither faster nor loftier: the same
girdle still takes me in. I neither
sleep deeper, nor eat more. I have
not I confess lately examin'd my
foretop; that possibly may be a lit-
tle started forth; but otherwise I
know of no alteration in my
self.

Again, *Sir*, you'd have me to
have cryed and pitied him that
preached upon *Weep not &c.* rather
than have &c. I pray, *Sir*, to
what purpose? that man is quiet
in his grave, and I did it not be-
cause he or his *Executors* had e-

ver affronted, or offended me; but because I knew of no better instance to represent the vanity of such kind of idle *shreddings*: and to put an end to the extravagancy of them. I intended to vex no man now alive in the whole world, nor to please and delight my self in triumphing over the imprudences of the dead: but yet, for all that, some people are resolved to think, that I am a *Devil* I know not how big. However, my Conscience tells me, what was my design: and I bless God Almighty that he put it into my mind, and that I was enabled to finish it.

Neither would I have you, *Sir*, so over-confident that that same *Book* you call *scandalous*, is so very offensive and lothsome to all good men. For I am sure you have not lately spoke with all the good men in the *Nation*: For I know severall that are not of your opinion, and that are very good men too: and

and for ought I know, as good as yours: they being as eminent for learning, for piety and for *suffering* too: and then I am sure, you'll acknowledg them to be without all doubt *good*: I say, I know several, and such who were born much above forty yeares since, (for if they had not, with some they would not be worth sixpence a hundred) that at the first reading thought the design to be honest, and the Book still to be usefull: and if I be puffed up with any thing (as you think I am, *Sir*,) it is not I'll assure you with any jest, story or gloss, that you there find; but to hear of some that are throughly convinced that it is not the best way to spend two dayes of three either in dressing up plain sence and meaning with obscure *Rhimes* and *Jingles*, or with other sorts of elaborate, useless *fineries*.

I suppose, *Sir*, I am to look upon my self concerned in all your fifth *Paragraph*: But when you tell
me

me of some persons of *Honour*, that have been heretofore, and of others that are now in holy Orders; I know not how it should come into your mind, to think any thing of that against me; whose great design it was that there might be ten times as many; and though you are pleased to say, that an *holy man in a poor Living is in a Kingdom*; yet I hope, *Sir*, that your intentions of augmenting your own *Living*, for the advantage of your successors, will not remove you ever a whit the further, from that *Kingdom* you there mean.

If you desire, *Sir*, any further satisfaction, I must refer you to my second Letter: which I think is plain, even to those very men, that *would* not understand my first; notwithstanding those two objections that now follow.

I have nothing more, *Sir*, but to let you know that notwithstanding
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ing all this, I have a great esteem
for you: not only because you
dealt friendly with me, but be-
cause you ought to be esteem'd
by all, as you are by

Your humble Servant

T. B.

If you desire, say any further
business, I will refer you to my
second letter: which I think is
plain, & even to those very men
that would not understand my first
letter. I have nothing more to say
but let you know that I am
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A

LETTER

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

Vindication of the

CLERGY:

From T. B

—*Silvestrem tenni,*

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, for
Nathaniel Brooke, at the Sign of
the *Angel* in Cornhill, near the
Royal Exchange. 1672:

MI

A

LETTER

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

Advertisement of the

CLERGY

From T. B.

—

1804

Printed by W. J. Leitch and Son, 11, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.



A LETTER, &c.

S I R,

A Lthough for your own convenience and service, you have appointed me to be *young Shimei, Fanatical skip-jack, Secretary to a Committee of plundered Ministers, and Secretary besides to another company that believe no life after this* (which is very nigh, as bad as the former) yet, for my part, I am fully resolved to apply my selfe to you, only by the way of *dear Sir, sweet Sir, and sometimes plainly, Sir.* For if I should goe and call you *Giles of of Tilbury, Philip of Southampton, Gabriel of Doncaster,* or the like; your name perhaps all this while may

may be *Zoroaster*, *Zerubbabell*, *Boreas* or *Boanerges*. But let it be what it will, and live where you can, on this side or beyond *Trent*: nay, live as far as *Barwick* upon *Twede*, *Sir* still holds good, and will find you out there.

And now, *Sir*, in the first place; I must return you many thanks, for your extraordinary kindness towards me, in respect of what I found from your *Brother Answerer*, *W. S.* For though you tell me (p. 26.) that *he was too civill to his old acquaintance, and too free and prodigall in his concessions*: and though by your fiery and fierce *Latin*, (*facit indignatio*) you put me into a most dismall fright, and had like to have made me miscarry: Yet I plainly perceive, where there is any thing of sound and substantial tenderness at the bottom, nature cannot dissemble long, but must needs discover some of its sweetnesses. For whereas severe *W. S.* confin'd me wholly

wholly to *cracking of Nutts*; you are pleased, *Sir*, to give me my choice of happiness and imployments. For when I am altogether tired and scorch'd with chasing *Butterflies*, then have I your most gracious leave to retire either to my *pilling of straws*, or to coole *my self*, and *my chicken broth*, or to call in at the *Market Cross*, and rest my self in the *Pillory*; a very *laudable place*, and allowed of by *Authority*.

And therefore, I say, I must upon all occasions, acknowledge my self to be yours, for these and many the like affectionate expressions, in your *Vindication*: which, when I well consider, are so very sweet and engaging, that I must need hold my self obliged, for your sake, at any time, either to skip off a *Steeple*, or to make an end of that odd jobb of work which *Nicanor Seleucus* left unfinished between the *Euxine* and *Caspian* seas (if you be very sure, that it was ever begun, for I

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have

have a scurvy fellow that doubts of it:) nay, when my hand is in, I care not a farthing, if I carry on that other *massy* business in *Achain*; for what's *massiness* to me, when there's a friend in the case. In short, *Sir*, you cannot easily devise a task, to which I shall be unwilling, unless it be to answer your *Book*. And, as to that, I must by all meanes beg your pardon; being not at all in the humour, to reply to that which was fully answered, long before it was printed; viz. in my *second Letter* called *Observations*: upon which you have some short reflections, in a *Postscript*: and if you had reflected but a little more, I am confident you might have easily perswaded your self to have burnt your *Copy*. For in all your *Vindication*, if any man, that does but understand sence from words, can shew me but six lines that pretends to Argument, or Objection, that was not half a year before urged by *W. S.* and to which some reply

ply was not thereupon made; then will I oblige my self to get all your *Book* by heart (which I would not doe for a small matter) or be at the charge, to procure some body to turn it into most stately *Heroick Verse*.

Now, I do suppose, it may be convenient for you to call this (as you doe all that I say) a *flam*, a *whisker*, a *Caprice*, a piece of *spight*, *malice*, *calumny* and *spleen*. But I care not for that: for if the same *whole world* (to which you so often appeal) be not of my opinion, I'll give you all my interest in it, for those same *three poor pennies*, which, you know, is the full price of my *planet*. If you please, *sir*, we'll try two or three places. My friend *W. S.* comes forth, and desires to dissent from me, as to the business of schooling. For says he; (p. 37.) *Though the understanding that is in man does indeed early discover it self; yet memory is the great storehouse of understanding:*

and if the memory be sufficiently im-
 ployed at schoole, it will lay a good
 foundation for the perfecting the un-
 derstanding afterwards. This was
 W. S. his opinion, and objection:
 to whom I reply'd, your *Humble ser-*
vant W. S. and some little more be-
 sides according as I was able. I
 know not how long after, out
 comes the *Vindicationer*, and
 spruces up this objection, with some
 fine bedeckings, and embellish-
 ments, and a needless quotation out
 of *Plato*, and brushes forth, as if he
 had discovered a third *Indies*; say-
 ing, *Every body knows but the con-*
temner of the Clergy, that Children
have a moist and supple brain,
like soft wax capable of any impres-
sions, and that memory is the most
early faculty of the soul, which exerts
it self in the very dawning of sense,
and cogitation, (whereupon Plato
calls it the mother of the Muses)
and is in its prime and meridian vi-
gour, before Imagination or Phancy,
 much

much less understanding and judgment come perfectly to them. Now, Sir, doe you think that I am such a fool and owle, as to reply to any such thing as this? You tell me that a *childs brain is like soft wax* : and I tell you, that if you had put to your *soft wax, plaister of Paris, Puff'd past, Curds and Apple-sauce*, I would not have answered you one word. And what do I care if *Plato* calls memory the *Mother of the Maids*? I have nothing to say against *Plato*: but I have only this to say, that if that be the opinion not only of *Plato*, but of the *Brachmans* and *Gymnosophists* of *India*, the *Bards* and *Druids* of *Gaul*, the *Magi* of *Persia*, the *Chaldeans* of *Babylonia* and *Affiria*, the *Priests* of *Ægypt*, and of every one of the *Philosophers* of *Greece*; I am so very busy and surly at present, that I will not speak to any such thing. Indeed, as to what I said, of mixing at *school* some other pleasant

C c 3

learning

learning with Greek and Latin; you differ a little in your accompts. For all that *W. S.* objected was, that it is more proper to learn those things which I mentioned afterwards. But that you may be sure to out-goe him, and not to grant so much as he, you are of opinion, that to goe about to teach a lad of twelve years of age a little *Arithmetick*, or the circles of the *Globe* or the like, it is *impossible*, 'tis every whit as impossible as it was for *Nero* to cut a channel from the lake *Avernus* to the mouth of *Tiber*, and to pierce the massy *Isthmus* in *Achaia*, or as it was for *Nicanor Seleucus* to cut the straight between the *Euxine* and *Caspian* seas, or for *Gleopatra* that which divided the red Sea from *Egypt*; nay, 'tis not only *impossible*, but *monstrous*, such a monster, as that teeming *Africk* never brought forth the fellow of it, and every whit as ridiculous, as if you put *Hercules's* shoes upon a dwarf, or as if *Lambs* could make, where *Elephants* are forced

forced to swim, or as if every little Philistim, could play at quarter-staff with Goliath's beam. Now, W.S. did not think it thus vengeably impossible; but only that it was not the most proper time.

In like manner, there is some little difference between you, about your believing that there might be a reason, why Lawyers and Physicians prove better than Divines; having the same education. As for modest W.S. he only wonders a little at it, and says it is very strange if it should be so; but he does not defy all reason, that might be given; not knowing but that there might be one in Banka. But when you come to consider of it, half a year after the reason was repeated out of my first letter, you fall on to purpose, and challenge all the Logicks in Europe to make it out. I wish with all my heart, Sir, you had not challenged them every one. For

Ile warrant you besides *Burgersdicius*, *Heereboord*, *Craccanthorp*, and *Keckerman* there be vourty at least. The *King of Spain* (to my knowledge) has abundance of *Logicks*, and Ile assure you the *French King* wants neither *men*, nor *Logicks*. Indeed I must wish again, that you had thought of it a little better: for this same *Europe*, *Sir*, that you so daringly challenge, is a very large place; and will hold many *Bushels* of *Logick*. For as I find in a learned *Author*; *Europe* reaches Eastward as far as the *Aegean Sea*, *Hellepont*, *Propontis*; nay, as far as your very *Pontus Euxinus*, and beyond; and then Southward, Northward and Westward, I know not how far.

I must confess, that there be two or three things against my *Letter*, that are near upon as massy as the very *Isthmus* it self; that wound me for ever, and make me groan again; which were not at all taken notice

of

of by *W. S.* but whether he overlooked them out of friendship, or tenderness of nature, or weakness of eyes or understanding, I am not able to say; but sure I am he saies not one word of them: The first that I took notice of is *pag. 38.* where you are very severe upon me for maintaining that a *break-fast* is like a *fast*; and that *any Text in the Bible is more like an ingenious Picture, than a Break-fast is like a fast*; and you desire the World to judge, if it be not a very odd similitude. Now because this is an absolute new objection, wherein my reputation is much concern'd, and a matter of so great moment, that it is quoted again, as an everlasting abuse to me, therefore I must answer as warily and distinctly as the case will admit of: which I shall do in these three following Propositions. First, I confess, grant, and acknowledge, that a *break-fast* strictly and severely taken, is not at all like a *fast*; In the second place, I do lay down and hold (and resolve to do it to my dying

dying day) that a *Break-fast* may be as dreadful as a *fast*; provided it be an *old Parliament one*; for that alters the case very much: for the clearing of this, turn to plodding *Aristotle, de oppositis*. In the last place I do most stiffly maintain, that I never said that a *Break-fast* is as dreadful as an *old Parliament fast*: but I'll tell you what I said, that the repetition day for the grammar is usually as dreadful as an *old Parliament fast*: and fourteen lines after, I said, (and will say it again for all you) that to be bound to get two or three hundred Verses out of Homer for *break-fast*, is no very pleasant task. Now I profess it was a spiteful, fanatical, skip-jack trick of mine; that I did not right down say, that a *break fast* is like a *fast*; (the two words are but fourteen lines distant one from the other;) for then you might have enlarged the Title of the accusation, that was to be written under me — The Authour of the Contempt of the Clergy, &c. and that saies

says that a fast is like a break-fast.

Another thing that was wholly forgotten by W.S. is that he takes no notice at all, how greatly convenient it might be, if there were pretty store of such as were poor and ignorant, mixed with the rest of the Clergy: for as you very well observe pag. 21. this makes up the harmony of things: for, say you, were there not an Ignoramus or two amongst the Lawyers, some Quacks and Empiricks amongst Physicians, some Idiots in the Schools of Philosophers, some dunces in the number of pretended Schollars, and some poor Gentry amongst the rich, there would be no harmony of things: not any at all, most certainly; but all the Clergy would be as dull as a barn-door.

There is also one thing more that you urge against me, p. 93. that must go wholly for your own; and it is this; Supposing a Vicar has but a goat in the house, it is a most unimaginable thing, that he should break such an entire furrer, and spend his penny. Now

I durst not for my ears, go about to make any reply to this: because you say it is a calumny that has so little of probability in it, that the Devil himself cannot believe it: and I have no mind at all to dispute with him: and therefore this must be registred and allowed of as an unanswerable objection against me; and wholly of your own invention. I'll take care it shall be fil'd amongst the *Gazetts* and *Philosophical News-books*. But indeed as to the advantage and convenience of using of *Latin* in *Sermons*, where no body understands it; I must needs do *W. S.* so much right, as to confess, it was not altogether forgotten by him; but withall it must never be denied but that the four Reasons that you have added, have so very much strengthened and advanced that business, that *W. S.* cannot come in for above a *fifth part* of the glory. For, first of all say you, *It may be convenient for the Minister, to quote out of the learned, Greek or Latin,* though no body understands it,

it, to distinguish himself from such who preach altogether in *English* at *Conventicles*. Admirably well contrived! for if they were distinguished by nothing else, but by observing the *Canons* and the *Act* of *Uniformity*, it would be very hard to know one from t'other. Secondly, *because Authority is a more effectual Argument ad hominem, than a Demonstration.* That must needs be, because it is supposed that these same *homines* do not understand a word of it; and so it must work most wonderfully and effectually. Thirdly, it is very convenient; for, *though the people do not understand a tittle of it, yet so long as they understand more than they can commonly remember, it is well enough.* O 'tis extraordinary well! And lastly, because a man may so preach in *English*, that all people shall not understand him; (that is, if he gives his mind to it, and makes it his business :) for there be *sermons* in a Chapter of *St. Paul* read in *English*. Is it not great pity, that you were not matched to that same

same *teeming* *Africk* you speak of? what a *breed* of *Reasoners* would the World have had?

Now, would it not make any one in the World raving mad, to hear such stuff as yours boasted of for sence? but for all that, I shall take up my self according to the *Philosophers* Rule, *non sumus irascundi*: and not be so angry, as to answer your *Book*. Nay, more than that, I intend to be reconciled to you, to love you, and entertain some hopes of you, upon condition you'll promise me three or four things, which I must heartily request of you: and if all the World do not say that they are very seasonable and proper for your Constitution, I'll undertake never to beg any thing again.

In the first place therefore I do most earnestly request of you, that you do not for the future print any *quibbles*. Be as merry as you please, and as witty as you can afford; but for one so extraordinary full of *demonstration*, and so very well acquainted

acquainted with *Euclid*, even from a
 shoulder of mutton to a dish of wild
 fowl, for such an one to play and tri-
 fle with words will certainly in time
 very much abate your reputation,
 and more than that weaken your ra-
 tional parts. What an easie matter
 had it been for you, when you were
 speaking of *English Disputations* and
Declamations being used in *St Pauls*;
 to have said, that it was allowed of
 by the Usurper, or by *Oliver the Ty-*
rant? but you must go and say it
 was connived at by one *Tyrannus*, but
 you did not mean him in the *Acts*. It
 was great pity indeed that you did
 not mean him, because he was dead
 five or six hundred years before *St.*
Pauls was built. In like manner,
 when you tell us, pag. 75. that it is
 not at all likely that *star-board* and
lar-board, &c. should ever come into a
 sermon, since *Pulpits made of Ships*
beaks have been out of fashion: You
 had better have given any other rea-
 son of its being unlikely, than that:
 for though by chance I take the Jest
 of

of it, because I have read *Godwin's Antiquities*: yet how shall those poor Readers make shift to admire you, that do not understand the full signification of *Rostrum*, and the History of *Roman Pulpits*.

I desire also that you would consider that there be some *phanſes* which at their first *foundation* were very good and laudable; but when they have been torn, and tossed up and down, by every body, for an hundred years together, they then become tiresome, and degenerate into all the iniquity and nauseousness of a *quibble*. For example; suppose you have a mind to abuse a man to death, and to tell him that he talks like an *Apothecary*: do so; spare him not at all, but down with him, and make the Rogue sufficiently ashamed of his folly, and *Apothecaryship*: but (if you love the prosperity of your Family) I desire by all means, that you do not train it in with a Story of *Doctor* three or four lines before; telling him that *for such a thing to be so or so is indeed*
the

the opinion of one Doctor; but what if he should talk all the while like an Apothecary. So to tell a man that he is an Hogshead, is searching questionless, and goes very deep; but if you put empty before it, and tell him that he is an empty Hogshead, then I count there's little hopes of life; but if he chance to find the word *Tun* within five or six lines of this abuse, he presently takes heart thereupon, begins to crawl again, and does not care at all for dying.

We must alwaies grant, *Sir*, that it was very well done of him, who first observed that where God had his Church, the Diel had his Chappell; and it was pretty well done of him, that observed the same in the second place; but to go on, and observe it over, and over, and over again, without all doubt, does take very much away from the primitive glory of your observation. And thus *Nicholas Nemo*, *diebus illis* his dayes, to be born under a threepenny Planet, to render *quantum dabitur pro eum curant*.

rant English money, to correct the defect of nature's pencil, and many such like (which you abound with) were questionless at first very ingenious and without all exception; but the jestingness of them, by too much using is so utterly worn out, that they will work no more than the powder of an old post.

But amongst all *quibbles*, as you desire to flourish and be for ever famous, be very sparing of such that depend wholly upon the Title and outside of *Books*, viz. *as Iaurus, Hobbs his Creed, the Gentleman's calling, Ignoramus*, and such like; for they lying very obvious to every ordinary phanſie, you may chance to make a jest, that has been made an hundred times before. You'l find this, I promise you, to be very good advice, if you consider well of it.

Now I am, I must confess, perfectly of your mind, as to what you say, pag. 59. concerning the great advantages and excellent use of *quibbler*, if handsomly managed, by reason

son that they are a great promoter of health in general, and an easie amulet against some distempers that hang about sedentary men in particular; that they unbend the mind, loosen the distended nerves of the soul, and revive its drooping spirits after a wonderful manner: which agrees very well, with what the worthy *Authour Witts Commonwealth* says in the first part, pag. 215. concerning *Musick*, viz. it is the bodie's best recreation, it overcometh the heart, and comforts the mind, it is the *Queen and Mistress of the soul*, it is the loadstone of fellowship, the cheerful reviver of dulled spirits, the sole delight of dancing, and sweet-meat of sorrow — But let me tell you, that neither your self, nor that learned *Authour*, have spoken half home to the business. Alas! dear Sir, you speak but timorously and modestly; this is nothing to what I can tell you. What think you of him that without any Vulgar Instruments used for that purpose; only by the help of a good lusty Joque, and a Jew's-trump

couch'd a *cataract* of seven years standing: and of another who quibbled a *Wen* of the forehead, as big as a Goose's egg. Great cures upon my word! and the greater, because these sorts of *Medicines* work chiefly upon the lower parts. You would wonder, *Sir*, to see what a vast quantity of *gravel* hath come away upon two or three *jests*. It is reported of one *Harmonides* (not your *Harmonides* the Fidler, but another that I have) who having bin tortured several days with the *Stone*, and trying several *Medicines* to no purpose, was advis'd at last to send for some ingenious *Jester*: no sooner was the ingenious come into the house, but presently the pain much abated, (for a *jest* you must know, if it be strong, works at a distance as well as the *Sympathetick powder*,) and being carried up into his Bed-chamber, he let go a *phansie* of a good moderate size, (but whether it was *quibble* or *joque*, my Author does not say,) upon which the *Stone* presently turned; and adding

to that, one a little stronger, it was soon after voided. Neither is this at all unlikely, when we call to mind how plentifully a great Person of our own Nation bepissed his breeches, after a long stoppage of *Urine*; meerly by one *jest* of the *Doctors*; when all his *drugs* would not draw one *drop*. But were there nothing in all this that tended to the commendation of a *jest*, yet certainly they (from what you say) are very allowable, sacred and Orthodox; because (you know) *St. John went a Partridge catching when he writ his mysterious Revelations*; and what is more like a *Partridge* than a *quibble* in *Feathers*?

Now, I would not have you think me so spiteful and malicious, as to say, that there is nothing of real wit in your *Vindication*: for let people say what they will, and carp, and catch, and except, and caprice, yet they are forced to acknowledge in spite of malice and calumny, that there are in the whole *Vindication*,

four or five as good, clear, and well dressed humours, as ever were made: and lest you should think I flatter, I'll tell you the very places; that you may know what is approved of, how to value your self, and to do well again when occasion requires. The first happy thing that is approved of by all, is your putting in that *scrap* (as you call it) of the Poet

—— *Quid enim tentare nocebit?*

And then your saying immediately after, that you did it on purpose, because you knew it would trouble me vilely; and I'll assure you it was well ghesed; for I hate such a *scrap* of Latin, as I do a Viper or Toad: and though I made shift to take a slumber of seven or eight hours that night; yet I found that your Poet rejoined next morning most horribly: and I'll assure you, it cost me a glass of *aqua mirabilis* to compound with him, to be quiet. The next humour that they all grant for good and

and very allowable, is your telling me that *you had got ground of me, more than I did allow the Vicar for his Glebe.* It was well observed; for I do confess I do allow him but a little. The next is (that is allowed) your calling *Cicero's son Mark a codhead*: they acknowledge it to be well said, and true; for the *Rogue* proved not otherwise. A fourth is your forgetting the *Roman Lady's Bitch's name that Thesmopolis had the tuition of*: these are all that I can get to be generally allowed. I have put in hard, I'll assure you, in all companies, for two or three more: as for example; *the Papist and the Puritan being tyed together like Sampson's Foxes*: I liked it well enough, and have beseeched them to let it pass for a phanſie: but I could never get the Rogues in a good humour to do it. For, they say, that *Sampson's Foxes* have been so very long, and so very often tied together, that it is high time now to part them. It may be, because something very like it is to be found in a printed

Sermon, which was preached thirty eight years ago; it is no *flam*, nor *whisker*: it is the 43. Page upon the right hand. Yours go thus: viz. *Papist and Puritan like Sampson's Foxes, though looking and running two several wayes, yet are ever joyned together in the tayl*: my Authour has it thus; viz. *the Separatists and the Romanists* (there's for your Puritans and Papists) consequently to their otherwise most distant principles do fully agree like *Sampson's Foxes*, tyed together by the tayls to set all on fire, although their faces look quite contrary ways. I phansied a good while those two Stories you tell, pag. 41. how that *Socrates* (though his Mother was a *Midwife*) could not make his *scollars* bring forth any Science, unless they had understanding to conceive it: and that it was ill done of *Cicero* that he did not examine the boy *Mark's* parts before he went to Athens. But, I profess, (I know not how) it came at last into my mind, that I had learnt this at School; and looking into my

Clerk's

Clerk's formula (out of which I used to steal my *Themes*) upon that close and elegant discourse, *E quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*; there I found them both in the very beginning of the Speech, viz. *Socrates*, &c. But this I must confess was *Mr. Clerk's* rudeness: for if he had taken care (as he ought to have done) to have placed those two *historical observations*, a little deeper into that great Controversie, you might then have been supposed to have fetched them from some other *Authour*, that was nearer to the *Original*. I have heard very often mention made of your calling a *dish of wild fowl* a *Pyramid*: but whether they approve of it or laugh at it, I cannot yet certainly tell: (when I certainly know you shall have an accompt.) But I must seriously tell you that as to the *beards* being made of certain *she Asses manes*, I have very little hopes of putting that off; (and I am somewhat afraid that the *shoulder of Mutton* or *Triangle*, will lie upon my hand;) but you
may

may be sure I'll do my best endeavour. Perhaps you may think it convenient to write some small thing, and explain it: but if it never goes off for a phanſie, ſeeing there be three or four that *Hell* it ſelf can't except againſt, eſpecially that of the *chafing-diſh being an Hypotheſis* which I had like to have forgot; the truth of it is, it was a very pretty thought, and I am confident will alwaies be ſo accompted.

Now, I muſt confeſs to you, that this ſame phraſe of *pretty thought*, is none of my own; but (as I remember) 'tis in ſome late *Play*: which I thought fit to tell you, that you may be ſure of what you gheſs, *that I do ſometimes borrow*, and (as I am your friend) I adviſe you to learn to do ſo too. For rather than I would ſtuff out a *Book* with *Lot and Lottery*, *Churches and Chappels*, *Jachin and Boaz*, with my old friend *Nicholas Nemo*, with *Pun's quibbles* and *ſmall jeſts* a thouſand times ſaid before, and with all the featneſſes that three *Languages* can afford

afford towards a poor phansie, I would advise you to take that course which you think I do, and write farces, far-
 dles, frequent company and steal from
 clubs, ransack all Romances and Plays,
 written before or since the King came
 in. I would not stick at that; I
 would be for heyte teyte, a cock or a
 bull, an horse-shoe or a mares nest: I
 would make friends and get to be
 Secretary to some learned Committee,
 (Boccaline perhaps may sell you his
 place, for two hundred Guineas; for
 he hath got stock enough to set up
 for himself) and then get by heart
 their dogmes, resolves and decrees;
 nay, rather than fail, I would get a-
 nother to write the Preface, or do a-
 ny such thing: For, upon my word,
 if you go on thus, you'll be in as
 great danger of breaking the neck of
 your parts, as you think the poor Lads
 to be at school by venturing upon
 any solid learning. And as I would
 request you, for the future, that you
 would be very careful of breaking
 the neck of your phansie: so take some
 care,

care, I beseech you, of *necking* your judgment; but above all things be very wary of calling that *Euclid* that does not conclude at all. If you had only said that you would endeavour to make such a thing out, or that you did not much question but that you should do it, and that very plain too; people would not then have called for their *Rule* and *Compass*es; but to say, that you would make it out *as clear as any Demonstration* in *Euclid*, and moreover to write, *quod erat demonstrandum* after such loose and wide reasonings, that would scarce hold a *Pike* of half a yard long (a Metaphor taken from a *net*, which I have seen as well as a *Ship*) was very rashly done. You had much better have sworn it off, as the *Poet* did his *Play*: although you had never so little reason for it.

What then belike (say you) Ignorance and Poverty must be grounds and occasions of Contempt in the Clergy. I marry, that's a likely business indeed! that was well devised by a Skip-jack phanſie!

phanzie! a most excellent Jachin and Boaz! a pair of special good pillars or poles for an aiery castle! but if I do not rattle down poles and pillars, if I do not wholly subvert and unbinge this confident swaggerer, and venter of Paradoxes, if I do not unjachin, and unboaz him, before I have done, I'll e'en renounce Euclid and all pretences to him. Come, Mr. Confident, you go and impudently say, that Ignorance and Poverty are causes of contempt. I pray, by your leave, Sir, how then comes it about that Poverty was alwaies counted a sacred thing, and Ignorance the Mother of devotion and admiration? Surely you will not venture to say that Godliness and devotion are contemptible things; there's one nut for you to crack. I think there's one brush for your poles: and it is very strange if your castle does not tumble by and by. Now, Sir, for a little of your skill in Astronomy, to tight and straighten your poles. Your bold Hypothesis begins to groan already, and sink it must, unless you
can

can reconcile admiration and contempt. I'll teach you to talk at random about things you do not at all understand. I'll teach you the meaning of *Sumite materiam vestram qui scribitis aquam Viribus*—I know you don't love it, but I'll make you eat Latin and Greek too, before I have done with you. Do you see Mr. Clergy-mender, how I have trip'd up both your poles at one stroak: but lest you should say that this was a surprize, or think, that I am stinted for demonstrations; I'll give you your Jachin and Boaz again: but then look to your self; for now I'll take them both away one by one, so fairly, so evidently, and scientifically, that pull and hold what you can, you shall plainly perceive your self a very sot, and fool: I say look closely to it; for I intend to make an home thrust. My demonstration shall go in just at your navel, and so let out the very guts of all your discourse. Ignorance, say you, at random, is a cause of contempt; boldly said for a skip-jack indeed! but I pray Mr. Apothecary answer me this then.

then. Is not Magistracy as well as Ministry an Ordinance of God? How comes it then about that a Thatcher, suppose he be but Mayor of a Town, although he can neither write nor read, shall be as much wondered at, and admired, be called as often Worshipful, be stood bare to as much, have the Mace carried as dreadfully before him, as if he had learning enough to be Lord Chief Justice: and how comes it to pass that hereditary Kings have been honoured and obeyed, that have had so little parts as to be forced to dispatch all things by their Council; and if these, though never so ignorant, are to be honoured; are not we bound to seek out, and elect such; suppose we can tell where to find them. Now you had best cry for one of your causes of Contempt; do so, cry on, I do not pity you at all and if I thought it would vex you as much (as quid tentare nocebit?) I would make you hang yourself. I could carry you into the bowels and secrets of former Ages, and give you an historical demonstration.

What

*What think you of the Roman Curi-
 ones, Augures, Auspices, Flamines,
 Extispices, Pontifices, Salii, Aruspi-
 ces, Cultuarii, Victimarii, Capno-
 mantes, Diales, and Cantharides;
 who have no reason to be believed to be
 any great Conjurers; and yet it is
 granted by all, that the Diuel and they
 together, kept the people in sufficient
 awe: but you must be for your Astrono-
 my forsooth, and your Atoms: you
 must be for your new projects and mo-
 dels, and for your heyte teyt's; and
 in the mean time, neglect all solid
 Learning, and Godwyn's Antiquities.
 But say when you have enough, and are
 sufficiently ashamed; for I have a
 whole cloak-bag full of pure Mathe-
 matical stuff still. What think you
 of your present Popish Priests, that can
 scarce tell how to read the Service, and
 yet with a little of Joseph's Humm,
 and the Virgin Marys Milk, are very
 well respected and admired? Do you
 think they would do half so much good,
 and be half so much respected, if they
 were considerable Schollars? I pray
 answer*

answer me to that Mr. Castle-keeper. But why should I goe about to pour forth such Historicall rarities into an empty hogs-head? for although he should want parts to perceive the violence, and breaking in of a demonstration, yet his Mistris Experience may teach him so much; how idle a thing it is to prate of Ignorance being a cause of Contempt, or of wishing any Clergy-man should be more learned; whereas it is plain that the unlearned Weavers and Taylours in the late times, could swing the people more after them, than we can doe now with all our Learning. Populus aliquando vult decipi; et si aliquando cur non nunc? And therefore from all this you had much reason to wonder how egregiously mistaken the little Historian was. For alas! Ignorance is so far from exposing a publick person to contempt, that (give him but power and Authority with it) his only way and meanes to arrive to a great esteem amongst the generality of men is to re-

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nonne

nounce all learning, and get as much
 Ignorance as possible: for the more
 ignorant, the more valued. And
 why? it seems strange at first,
 but when we hear the reason it
 is plain: because the generality
 of mankind are unlearned them-
 selves.

And thus, Sir, having demonstrated
 not only that Ignorance is full out as
 serviceable as learning (for to have
 done that would not have argued a
 ny superfluity of parts,) but that of the
 two, it is much to be preferr'd: in the
 next place you shew that poverty car-
 ries it at least a length and half before
 convenient maintenance. And why?
 because no wise man esteems things
 by their gaudy outsides, the Horse
 by his trappings, the Ass by his bur-
 den. Because the learned Heathens
 never deifyed money, and Pythagoras
 recommended golden precepts, not
 gold. Because Lucian lashes the
 blind God of wealth, as if he were
 a blind Bear. Because the Peripa-
 tetical summum bonum, when they
 had

had put money to't, was but a Golden Calf. Because Cræsus and Midas were but jingling Pack-horses. But this is Heathenish proof, now for Divinity. For, Was not Christ himself in a low condition? Was not his Jury of Life and death most of them poor? and did not the foreman of the Jury St. Peter say, silver and gold have I none? Now from such premises as these would not every novice (say you) in Logick conclude that it were better for a Clergyman to have but twenty pounds a year and half a dozen books, than an hundred and a good Library? no; I am confident he would not, if he had read but two Chapters in Logick: nay, if his Tutor had only promised the poor creature a little of that same, and he should conclude so, I would have him presently sent home, and never be suffered to conclude again. Now, Sir, do you think that I will spend any time in exposing such nonsense as this, which is so very plain and palpable that

all the malice in the world cannot misrepresent or make it worse? nor I, I'll assure you. You talk somewhere of bestowing your *Mother* upon me: alas! you do'nt offer like a Chapman. For if you should fling in your *Grandmother*, *Aunts* and all your *Sisters* into the bargain, I will not put my self to so much trouble. But yet I cannot forbear just to shew what a great *demonstrator* you are of your *second proposition*, as you were of your first: which you set upon p. 19. but it pierces not deep till p. 24. And if any one desires to see *Euclid* in a nutshell, there he may find him.

The case is this (or as you are pleased to read it *the ball of contention*) Whether there may not be here and there a *Clergy-man* so ignorant, as that it might be wished, that he were wiser. For my part I went and ghes'd at random, and thought there might be one or so: but my *Adversary* holds and maintains, not only that there is
not

not so much as one now in the whole Nation : but shews it to be impossible that there ever was one, or ever shall be one. And for doing all this he only layes down one very small request, viz. That no man can present himself to a *Living* : from whence it follows as fast as hops, that some body else must doe it (for no man can be himself, and some body else with all the little *thingam* about him *Secundum idem, ad idem. &c.*) It remaines therefore to be examined, who this some body is. And it will be found to be either the *King* himself, or some *Nobleman*, or *Colledge*, or *Corporation* or *private Gentleman* (for these are all the some-bodys that can be thought of) but it is as plain as any thing in *Euclid*, that it is perfectly impossible that any man unfit or unable should by any of these meanes get into a *Living*. For suppose we try a little and begin at the highest. *Will any body be so bold, saucy and impudent, so forget-*

E e 3

full

full of all allegiance and have so little
 the dread of Majesty, as to disho-
 nour the broad Seal, and beg its
 favour, in that wherein he knows
 himself unworthy? It is, procul ite
 profani. Nothing certainly is com-
 parable to it, but stealing the Crown
 it self. In like manner it is as un-
 conceivable, that any man that is not
 sufficiently improved, should procure
 a presentation from any person of
 Honour. For these being all Cousins
 to the King, whatever inconvenience
 or disgrace falls here, reflects at last
 upon the Crown it self. I need not
 shew how impossible it is that either a
 Colledge or Corporation should pre-
 fer an Hocus, when they have their
 choice of so many. There is nothing
 therefore now hinders the topping of
 the demonstration, and for ever con-
 founding all that hold the contrary;
 but that some Gentlemen possibly out
 of fondness, kindred, &c. should not
 present such as they think fittest, but
 those that can beg the handsomest,
 or love an Horse most, or play at
 Bowles

Bowles or Tables best: But he is
 not worthy to breathe in English aire
 that can think so meanly of a true
 English man. But suppose there should
 be one or so that should wholly forget
 himself, and his Nation, so much as
 to enquire into some other abilities,
 and dispositions of mind, besides
 common learning, where is that bold
 son of Simon? O that I could but
 see my pierce upon that Varlet, how
 would I curse and confound that
 Rogue! Consented I'd teach him
 to fall in love with Horses, Gentle-
 women, and to play at Tables and
 Bowles: What? was there never an
 Horse in all the Countrey that would
 please you? but after such great boun-
 ty you must get away your Patrons
 Horse? Would he pace or trot serve
 you but just your Patrons? and was
 there never a Gentlewoman in all
 the Nation to inuigle, but you must
 put the Horse into an uproar, and
 steal away my Ladys, and leave her
 to catch cold, and the sweet meats
 to grow mouldy, and the morning

Broth either not half boyl'd, or not rightly seasoned? And to doe all this where you were so very much oblig'd, and so very civilly used? Can't you receive a kindness, and then goe home and meditate, and be meek and thank full, but you must grow saucy and insolent thereupon, and challenge your Patron to play at Bowles, or Tables, and cheat him of his pennies? So that it is very plain now (as any thing in all *Euclid*) that if one should offer five hundred pounds for a benefic'd *Hercules*, there is not one to be bought: for they are every one demonstrated out of the Kingdom. O *Euclid*, *Euclid*! who would not dye twenty deaths to be akin but to thy little toe? what a foolish and silly thing is *Astronomy*! what, a man in the Moon, Will with the wisp, Jack with the Lantern? 'tis all a bubble, a cheat and imposture. But as for *Euclid* he is stout, sincere and solid at the bottom. But I must tell you, Sir, that it was a little

the too triumphantly done, to *desy*
me to pick out ten Clergy-men not fit
to discharge their duty, when you
 had got such a *demonstration*, that
 there could not be so much as one
 in the whole Nation. It was ill
 husbandry in you to spend so much
 defiance upon me alone, when
 your reasons were big enough
 to have challenged the whole
 world.

Not less admirable and full are
 your *Answers*, than your *demonstra-*
tions are binding. I enquire, sup-
 pose, how those two hundred
 that usually commence shall be
 maintain'd or live. Live? *I answer*
 (say you) *first in generall that they*
doe live somewhere. For as long as
 we doe not hear that they dye in
 a ditch, or are knocked on the
 head, or starved; so long we have
 sufficient reason to conclude that
 they are all alive, and *enough is*
as good as a feast; and the best
 of all can desire no more than to
 live. But after this generall proof of
 their

their Metaphysical existence; then
 you set upon a more particular re-
 solution of the case. Two hun-
 dred it seems I hold yearly com-
 mence. Now, say you, let us bring
 things a little to standard, and
 but observe closely how our small
 Conjecturer talks at random. First
 of all, say you, many Gentlemen
 obtrude, then Lawyers Common and
 Civil, then Physicians, and then a
 fifth part are preserv'd in the Univer-
 sity: and if all these were deducted
 out of his two hundred, the remnant
 will not be very great. Six or seven
 suppose or thereabouts. But how-
 ever, Sir, if you please well a
 little examine this same remnant, a
 fifth part, say you, I must deduct be-
 cause I have said so; Well: let that
 goe: I won't repent; that's forty.
 Next, the Common Lawyers are to
 be deducted. Let me see. I can-
 not afford above four at the most;
 for most of them go to the Inns of
 Courts, before they take any de-
 gree: And I care not much if I all-
 low

low *four* more for *Civill Law*, and
 as many for *Physick*, and then I'll
 give you *six* to *commence* that in-
 tend no calling at all (which is
 more by half than I need to doe)
 and then out of pure love, I'll
 sing in *two* more, all which put to-
 gether make just *sixty*. Now if
 these same *sixty* be carefully taken
 out of two *hundred* according to the
 best rules which either *Antient* or
Modern Arithmeticians have laid
 down for this great affair, I am
 cruelly afraid that there will re-
 main an *hundred* and *fourty*. A
 jolly company I profess for a
Remnant. But however let them
 goe: they'll make shift well enough,
 so long as you know a way how to
 make them all *exist*.

The next thing that I must get
 you to promise me is, that you
 would not ghes where men *dwell*.
 For it is nothing to your pur-
 pose: and besides many a phantie
 and jest is lost if you should chance
 to be mistaken. I shall beg leave,

Sir,

Sir, to press this upon you only in two or three instances. If you remember, *Sir*, at the very first Page of all your *Book*, you fall into a most dismal strong fit, that *T.B.* and *R. L.* are all one: and that they are intended only for blinds, to cheat and gull the world. Now I must in the first place tell you that *W. S.* was the first that found out this; and therefore you must not look upon your self as the *Author* of that *suspicion*: only he did not make so good a *quibble* as you did. But to go on, *Sir*, I pray why are you so very mistrustfull? what? have you bespoken or bought up all the *R. Ls* in the *Nation*, that you will not let a man have one? or is the *family* so very small, that amongst them all, there should not be one poor dear *R. L.* that should fall to my share? fear not, *Sir*, for upon my word if you were acquainted with them, so well as I am, you would acknowledge the *R. Ls* to be a very large, & spreading *family*:
 There's

There's a plentiful stock of them in *Middlesex*, and several in other parts of the Nation. And if amongst all these there be but *one*, whom it is worth the while to admire, to observe or send Letter to; then as to your *Greek quibble*, of *τις* *ἰσχυρῶς* you are as utterly undone, as ever was Oyster. Suppose you had writ by way of a Letter, and directed yours to Z. X. doe you think that I would have suspected your integrity, or interest in that small family, and abuse you with the outside of *Antoninus*. How doe I know what interest you may have or make. I am confident there is no true gentile *English* spirit, but would have scorn'd to have done as you did. And then after you had abused one in *Greek*, calling me *τις* *μίζγας*, and *καὶ* *ἰσχυρῶς*, your malice must hold out to *Latin* too, *Qui nescit simulare nescit vivere*. Whereas all the world will say, that know any thing concerning the *T. Br.* that they are as far from flattery

flattery and false heartedness, as
all your Greek and Latin that
you crowd together is from any
wit.

It was, Sir, a little more modestly
done, what you say in the fol-
lowing page, viz. that I write so as
if I had been Secretary to some Com-
mittee of plunder'd Ministers in the
blessed times. For you do not ab-
solutely say that you stood just be-
hind me, when I leaped a yard and
halfe to snap at the Covenant.
Neither are you certainly sure
that I am an Anabaptist, Independ-
ent or the like: but only that
any one may ghesse that I am of
some Reformed congregation, by
my stile and canting expressions,
and way of talking: which (say
you) is the proper and characteristi-
call note of a separatist. Thou art a
most excellent characteristick ghes-
ser indeed. I'd have the Catholick
Church employ you to ghesse what
the Turk does really intend in his
heart, and how much hurt he can
possibly

possibly doe to the *Christian Religion*. You can easily doe it, Sir, by your *signes* and *badges*, by your *Chara^{ct}eristicks* and *indications*. O it is a most admirable thing to have quick scotes, and to be able to compare things, and lay all ends together right! and to find out a *Separatist* only by his *whip* and *saddles cleath*; and to be so tender-nosed as to smell a *Fanatick* as far as another man shall do *broil'd Herrings*, or a *burnt froise*. But doe you hear, Sir; have you quite forgot since you were at my house, when *Tyrannus* his *Sequestrators* and *Troopers* carried away my whole *Stable* of *Horses*; not leaving me so much as old *Sorrell* to ride on? and doe you remember nothing of your coming to see me when I was kept close *Prisoner* at *Basing-house* for carrying a *Letter* privately to his *Majesty*? these are most *Chara^{ct}eristicall* notes of a *Separatist*. I beseech you, dear Sir, do'nt ghes any more, you had better work all out of your own phanfic,

phantie, when you intend to abuse one: and say that which shall certainly and presently take: and not what may possibly be a *jest*, if you be not mistaken, or if I please. You know, *Sir*, you have ordered me to be a *Doctor*: which if I will accept of, then to be called *Mountebank* and *Apothecary* are great discouragements. But suppose I am already engaged in the *Tin-mines*: or am in no haste of Commencing, then when I shall be pleased to goe out *Doctor*, you may possibly creep out for a *small wit*.

Thus, *Sir*, you tell me (*pag. 84.*) that *you have a fine story for me, and that you will give me the honour to bear a considerable part in it.* Now, I tell you, that I doe not intend to receive my Honour from you, nor any disgrace, nor to be concerned in any story that you can tell, unless you can find out where my *Bastards* are at Nurse. Can't you live where you list, and let me do so too. I shall not enquire

quire after you, I'll assure you; nay I would not know you, if you should lay me down half a Crown towards it. I tell you therefore once again, I do'nt live any where nor never intend (as far as you shall know) to live any where, but only to *exist*, after that manner you provide for the younger Clergy. But, say you, I must needs know him, and have him live somewhere, or else the best story and the greatest piece of wit in my whole Book, will be utterly spoiled. Well, because I am willing to encourage all witty attempts though they be never so slender, therefore for once I'll hear some of your fine story (upon condition you'll engage never to ghes again.)

Belike then in the first place you give me to understand, that in your travails you met with a certain Covent where there was an ancient Pigeon-house, but the inhabitants were all fled. The best way certainly will be to roast a Cat, and

F f

besprinkle

besprinkle her with *cunning* seeds. They say this will fetch back the creatures again presently, if they were not very much offended. And thereupon, Sir, I mentioned the business to the Cat: (for you know *Boccaline* can make a Cat to speak.) Puffe, said I, we have lost all our Pigeons and thou knowest as well as any man in France that a Convent without Pigeons is like a Cow without cymbals; and therefore if thou wilt resign up thy self to the Spit, and be roasted for the bringing home of the Pigeons; thy picture shall be hung in the Library, thou shalt be shown with the Phoenix feathers and Remora's finnes, and be constantly commemorated with the Benefactors. Upon which the Cat, first kissing her foot, purr'd, and said. Sir, I must alwayes acknowledge the great favours that I have received from this place: for where as for many years I liv'd only upon course Mice and Ratts; now I have my belly full of Triangles, and Pyramids, Globes
and

and Circles: But as to what you propounded concerning my being roasted, I must confess I am not altogether free; because I remember my Grandfire once told me that it was much worse than a sieve and scissars; and therefore charged me, as I loved my life, to avoid it as the most vile of all Conjurations. But this, Sir, I'll do if you please; I'll wait upon them, and let them know that if they'll come home again they shall be very civilly respected, have every morning a peck of Pease, and once a week fresh Salt-Peter: But whether they'll come or not upon this invitation, I cannot yet tell.

The next piece of honour you do me is to let me know that there be people belonging to this foresaid Covent, that have beards above a cubit long. Indeed, Sir, you would have added very much to this kindness of yours, if you had been pleased to have discovered what cubit you meant; for amongst the Learned I find there be five several sorts of Cubits: The first kind of Cubit

(called the common) containeth one foot and a half, measured from the sharp of the elbow to the point of the middle finger. The second, (*the palm cubit*) taketh one handful more than the common. The third, is called *Regius Cubitus*, or the *Persian Cubit*, which exceedeth the common *Cubit* three inches. The fourth, is the *sacred Cubit*, which containeth the Common or Vulgar *Cubit* double, wanting but a quarter or fourth part. Lastly, there is a fifth *Cubit*, called *Geometrical*, which containeth six common *Cubits*. Now when you say *Above a Cubit*; if you chance to mean this same last sort of *Cubits*, and withall let but *Above* signifie a good way bit, the Story thereby will become much the stranger, and your telling of it the greater favour. But then, as to what you tell me, that *you being invited to Dinner, observed that every man sate down where he pleased, and fell to, where he liked best.* Give me leave, *Sir*, to tell you, that I am afraid that a great part of this

is of your own invention : for how is it likely that every man should set down according to his *own mind*, because another might have a mind to set in the *same place* : and therefore some of them must be disappointed ; unless you will grant *penetration of bodies*, which, you know, neither your Philosopher nor mine will by any means allow : and as to what you say of every man falling to, where he liked best, it is such a *νὶ νὶ νὶ ἔστιν ὁ νόμος*, that I do not intend to believe one tittle of it, till at least 7 years after the sea be burnt. What ? for every one of them to fall to where he liked best ! *Credat Judæus Apella* ! 'tis *Epicurisme*, *Sadducisme*, *Sorcery*, *Extortion*, and I know not how much more besides : and indeed it cannot possibly be less ; especially, if we do but consider, what strange kind of *Idolatrours* diet these *Covent Rascals* feed upon. *They have already eat up almost all the fifteen Books of Euclid* : *they make no more of a Pentagon or Pyramid, than a Porter would*.

do of a farthing Custard. And if there be not some stop put to them, they'l be for fresh pasture shortly; and gobble down Archimedes too. Nay, I wou't trust them, to stick at the Polyglott Lexicon it self: There's that snarling curr, and son of a Bitch Boccaline, can shew them the way; his teeth are ready set for such a design, and to fall on, if they'l but follow him: he has made havock of all Religion already, and abused and discouraged all witty and saving preaching. I suppose next he'l be for the Word of God it self, and set his Eleutherians to eat up the Bible, as well as they have done, Euclid; if some care be not taken with him. And then we shall neither have left a Demonstration from the Broad Seal, nor Divine Authority to withstand and confound the wicked. Oh that I had but this gurning Rogue Boccaline in an iron chest! I'd take down the drumminess of his gut, without goose grease. I'd learn him to rail against fasts, and to stuff his ungodly paunch, with circles
and

and cylinders; and to unhinge the Government. O that the High Commission Court would but awake once again, and appoint a time and place for his suffering at the Market cross! How many miles would I ride to see such villany chastised? and how many Hen's nests would I examine, to pelt his impudent forehead that stands before, and to eggify his she Asses mane that hangs behind? But, my dear, my duck, my sweet, my honey: I prithe, why so very fierce and furious? You tell me that you know a place where there's a company of Phantasticks, Sotts, Hypocrites, and Atheists; who despise all the world, eat and drink till they can't see, abuse all Religion, believe no life but the present, and that had a good Library of Books, but order'd all them to be burnt. Now, if you'd have my opinion in the case, to make up the harmony of things, I would have every one of them to be hang'd; and, I think, that's as fair as any man in the world can say.

It is very strange to observe the great difference that is in *Climats*. It is storied of a certain sort of people living towards the *South*, whose ears are so very large, that the one reaches down to *mid-leg*; and attends to all that's done *below*: the other stands right up into the sky, like a large *Cabbage* leaf, and listens to all that comes from *above*; upon the same account their *eyes* are accordingly placed: for they have one just at the *bottom* of the *foot*, the other is fixed upon the very *crown* of the head: These people are very much given to soft *corns* upon the left foot, they never fail of one about the bigness of an ordinary Pillion, which they lay under their head instead of a bolster. They have a great kindness for *Tripes* and *Cow-heels*: but that which they chiefly worship is a *Calfe's gin*, stuffed full of six penny *nayls*. If any thing offends their stomach, they take two or three pounds of lead or iron, and wrapping it up in a *hedge-hogs skins*, swallow

low

low it whole: the *pores* of their body are very near as large as those of a *Nutmeg grater*, and so they had need; for they never *piſſ* but once a month, and never go to stool but once a *quarter*; and that exactly upon the *quarter-day*, except it be *Leap-year*; these people, for the most part, are kind, and obliging; only they have got a scurvy custom of *pickling* most of their *children* at three years of Age: and after a great frost, they eat them, with *gun-powder* and *muſtard*; about three months ago, one of them was *burnt* for maintaining that an *Eele* was a living creature. The greatest part of them hold with the *Baloſurgians*, that the *Sun* is only an *Oxe's liver*: that the *heavens* turn round upon a *farthing candle*: and that the *earth*, some time or other, will take a frolick, and run into the *sea*; and so make a *huge haſty pudden*.

Now, *Sir*, I must desire of you that you would do your self so much right, as to bear a part in this *Story*.

I hope you'll interpret all candidly: there's no foul play at all; 'tis only *trick for trick*: You may easily perceive where your share lies; as also in another, which I have out of a very learned *Author*, such as you chiefly trade in. You know, *Sir*, you tell me, *pag. 49.* how horribly *Theſmopolis's* beard was abused by a *Roman Lady's bitch*. I know there is some deadly Moral, or other, intended for me; and therefore I must desire you to take this one *trick more*.

Callisthenes King of Sicyon, having a Daughter marriageable, commanded that it should be proclaimed at the Games of Olympus, that he that would be counted Callisthenes's Son in Law, should within sixty days repair to Sicyon. When many Woers had met together, Hippocrides the Athenian, Son of Tifander, seemed the fittest: but when he had trod the Laconick and Antick measure, and had personated them with his legs and arms, Callisthenes stomaching it, said,

O thou Son of Tifander ! thou hast danced away my Daughter. I cannot conveniently stand to explain it, because I have one thing more to request of you, viz. That you do not absolutely pronounce such things to be flams, forgeries and whiskers, which, for ought you know, may be all solid, and *massie* truths.

I have heard some people say, that you did not write the *Preface* : but do you think I would venture to say so, unless I certainly knew it ? No, I would not do it for my right hand ; for though it is said towards the latter end of it, that you have some charity for T. B. which makes me doubt whether it be yours, (you having not so much for him in your whole *Book*, as will lie upon a knives point :) yet all the beginning of it smells so very rank of your own kind of *reasoning*, that it can scarce possibly be any bodies else but your own ; unless you would give one five or ten pieces to imitate and labour out so much Nonsense.

I say therefore once again, suppose you have a mind to believe that such and such things are no where to be found, either in *printed Sermons*, nor were ever preached out of the *Pulpit*: I advise you by all means that you do not presently run on, and say, this is a very flim; that's a most deadly whisker; here's right down coining, and forgery; there's hammering and filing in abundance: but rather put on your night-cap, and be very much afraid: bind up your head very close, and fall to doubting, suspecting, mistrusting as hard as ever you can. But, I beseech you, go not one inch further, till you have considered and said thus to your self. *Have I read all the Sermons that were ever Printed since—? and do I exactly remember every Sentence that is in them? was there never two men in England preached upon the same Text? and can I, like St. John Baptist's head, be at all the Parishes in the Nation, at the same time; and hear all the Sermons that*

that were ever preached? If T. B. happens to be at St. Antholins upon a Sunday, must the bells be stopt, and he not suffered to go to Church till I be sent for from Edingborough? and was there never yet one in the world, that thought it lawful to alter his Copy? These and such like things, I would have you consider of, before you be absolute, and peremptory; for upon my word, if you do otherwise, you'll find a very great inconvenience of it: for instance; you are of opinion that no one ever preached upon *κρείον*, after that manner, that I have described; and why? because you heard once a man upon that Text, that did not do so; but only just reflected upon the word *κρείον*, signifying *Lords*. Well; take that man to your self; much good may he do you: but now *Logick!* now *Wheel-barrow!* may not I, for all that, have another man that did insist upon it, three quarters of a good *statutable English* hour together? You may call it *gliding, glancing*

ing or reflecting ; I call it preaching. I tell you I have such an one, and will have him in spite of your teeth ; and you shall not have one bit of him. Neither could I possibly ever intend to meddle with yours : for I verily think I know whom you mean ; and I never heard that in his whole life he did so much as name the word *uicior* upon any such occasion, till a long time after my Letter was Printed : and now how can I help it ; if he be offended, or thinks himself slandered. So you tell me that you know a very worthy Person, who preaching upon that of St. Matth. *Seek ye first the Kingdom of God*, did only observe in transitu, that *Monarchy was the best Government*. It may be so ; it was well for him : but, for all that, I have, I'll assure you, one that was in no such great haste at all. I perceive, Sir, you are most wofully afraid that I should want vent for my *Stories* : but, I must tell you plainly and truly, that they scramble for them so fast that I have not
half

half enough : there be no less than three several men that do offer to take off that concerning Faith, Hope and Charity of my hands : but I desire them to forbear ; for it is already promised. Another sends me word from about *Epping* in *Essex* (it is no *flam* I profess) that he'll undertake for all that business about the *Text* being like a *Sun-Dial* ; if I'd alter but two or three things ; to which I answered , No ; for I had not mine near that place by above fourscore miles : but if he would take it altogether, as I found it, he should be very welcome : and I have one that will engage, think you as you will , not only for *flanking*, *ra-ving*, *intrenching*, &c. but for forty more *Military terms* than I mentioned ; and you must know that I did not tell you half that *Astronomy* which I heard in a *Country Village* ; and, for a need, I could tell you the rest, and never use either forge, file, or hammer. And now, me thinks, *ex pede Hierosolam*, would do much better

better for me than for you, if you had not got it away first. *Parson slip-stockin*, say you, *quitted the stage long since* : so he might perhaps ; but, if he did, I'll swear he came again : for the man died but a little before *Easter* last ; and *the triangular heart of man*, say you, *is as old as Pauls* : Let it be as old as it will ; but, for all that, I'll lay a *pot* and a *cake* that I'll shew it in a *Sermon* printed within these seven years, and bring you at least three or four men that have preached it within the same compass of time. I profess, *Sir*, you had a great deal better not be altogether so forward to charge people with *flams* and *whiskers*, when as the great *rappers* are wholly upon your own side. I do acknowledge that I added——*Siluestrem tenui* to quicken a little *hic labor hoc opus*, and *per varior casus*——Which methought went off but heavily alone ; and I do suppose that the points of the *Compass* are not in the *Original* ; and no body but a *Child* could

could have thought they had: and I care not much if I let you know besides, that amongst that which I quoted, I did mistake one word; and if you had but hit on't, then *Bocca* line had been a *Rogue* to purpose. I shall not help you in the case, make it your business: all that I shall say is this, that it was since the Conquest.

And thus, *Sir*, I have given you my reasons why I do not at present answer your *Book*: and I desire that the same may serve, why I never intend to answer it, nor any such: the *Preface* I must confess, were I not in great haste, might deserve some little peculiar respect, for the sake of two as pretty, pretty *objections* as ever were devised. I shall only reverentially mention them, and keep the same awful distance from them, as from the rest of your *Book*, not daring to meddle with such *impregnable pieces*. The first horrible absurdity that I have committed is this, *viz.* That I should pretend (as I do in my *Preface*)

G g

face) to have a special reverence for the *Clergy of England*, and yet go about to give reasons in the *Book*, why some of the *Clergy* are condemned: and besides (which is far worse) should put in the word *Contempt* into the very Title Page, which is, I know not how many Leagues off from *Reverence*. Now, say you, let all the men in the World make these things hang together. Yes: let them; for I don't intend to try.

The next absurdity that you catch me in is this, *viz.* that I ought not to have enquired into what I did; because it was done either for the information of my self, or of others: (for belike there's no back-door to make any escape at.) If of himself; what need was there of its being printed? Could not he have locked up himself close in his Study, and there have enlightened and clarified his own understanding? Or could not he have gone into a Grove, and there (for his own information) have said it over softly to himself, and come home again
with

with his lips close shut ? It remains therefore, as plain as can be, that he must needs print his Letter, that others might read it : and if so, then would I fain understand, whether they knew of it before, or not : if they did ; then this is full out as idle and absurd as to inform himself ; and if they did not, then your only design must be to unhinge the Government : for 'tis just like a firework in the powder-room ; it blows up all into confusion and brings in Sedition and Schisme, as thick as Hogs go to Rumford.

Sir, you must needs excuse me, that I cannot stay to reply to this, because there's a new Brother of yours with a deadly hard name, that I must say two or three words to ; and therefore in great haste farwel.

T. B.

R. L. is well, and presents
his service to you.

with the spirit of the time. It is not
 the case, we think, that he
 will not be the least of our
 friends: and if so, we should
 be very glad to see him. I am
 sure you will be so too.
 I am, dear Sir, your most
 obedient servant, J. B.

T. B.

The Hon. Mr. Secretary
 of the Admiralty

A
LETTER
To T. D.
The AUTHOR of
Hieragonisticon,
OR
Corah's Doom.

From T. B.

Μηλεὶ σὺν ὕδαίνῃ φλογερὴν τρομέουσα
φαρέτρην.

L O N D O N,
Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, for
Nath. Brooke, at the Sign of the Angel
in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange, 1672.

A
LETTER
TO T. D.
THE ALTHOR OF
Pierisodmition,
OR
Corah's Doom.

From T. E.

And now I have written
to you.

L O N D O N.

Printed by A. Price and R. Wall, for
J. B. B. at the Sign of the Angel
in the Strand, near the Temple.



A LETTER, &c.

Devonshire. Jan. 20. 1671.

Sir,

UNderstanding that you are very much concern'd for my wellfare (as appears at large by several places in your *Letter*,) and having not the convenience to let you know so by the *Gazette*, according as you desired; these are only to acquaint you, that (thanks be to God) I am in very good bodily health at the present writing hereof, wishing that you had been as well in your *wits*, when you writ your *Book*. My *Wife* remembers her love to you,

Gg 4

and

and thanks you for sending me to the *Devil*. *Bette* had sent you a cake, but the poor child! was *correpta* with an ague about the last *equinox*, wherewith she is so *valde dilacerated*, that she has *parum* left but skin and bones. We durst not venture upon the *Jesuits powder*, lest the *Ague* should have gon out, and the *Devil* and the *Pope* should have enter'd in. Last *Market day* wheat was three shillings a *Busshell* at *Exeter*. But——tush; not a word of the *Captain*. Because the *Dun Com* went a *maskarada* last night, and is not as yet returned. Upon the fourth of this month our neighbour *Geofrey's* barn was eclipsed, *ab ovo ad mala*. And the night before *Widdow Wamford* was *vulpeculated* of her brood Goose.——*latet angnis in herbâ*. The *Turkie Cock* growes very melancholy.——*Sed fortiter occupa portum*. Mr *Davis* does not at all question, but he shall get a Decree in *Chauncery*.

You may possibly hereupon think,

Sir,

Sir, that I have read your *Book*: but if you doe, you are much mistaken. For so long as I can get *Tolambus's History of mustard*, *Frederigo's devastation of Pepper*, and the *Dragon with cutts*; *Mandringo's Pismires rebuffed*, and retro-confounded, *Is qui nil dubitat*, or a *flie-flap* against the maggot of *Hæresie*, *efflorescentia flosculorum*, or a choice collection of the elegancies of *F*, *Wither's Poems*, or the like, I do not intend to meddle with it. Alas! Sir, I am so unlikely to read your *Book*, that I can't get down the *Title*, no more than a *duck* can swallow a *yok'd Heifer*. How is it? *Hieragonisticon*, Or——but hold——let me see——tush——have a care——*latet anguis*——not a word——*vulpes*——tread softly——there's a *Bear*——once more——no——*Jesuits Powder*——*Hieragonisticon*, Sir, without the *Or*, is more than I can digest these twelve months. And whereas you subscribe your self *T. D.* You ought to

to have gon on *E.F.G.H.I.K.* &c. but I pray, *Sir*, was not *Hiéragonisticon* enough for your *Heliogabalusship* was not that sufficiently confoundative, debellative, and depopulative? but you must put in——or *Eórah's Doom*. If you had had such a mind to an Or——it should have been thus. *Beroza Almacantherah*; or a mouse-trap to catch *Moles*, *Demonico*——*Diabolico*——*Satánico*——*Tresleamtano* : or a certain amulet against the *Devil* and *fleas*. *Phlogerosticon*——*polu ierastaton*——*Boroaston* : or *Oliver's Porter* got out of *Bedlam* with his breeches full of *Bibles*, raging against the *whore of Babylon*.

I tell you once again that I have not as yet read your *Book*, neither doe I ever intend to read it. I hear some people say, that have stag'd it over, that you hold a *God*, the *Trinity*, *Providence*, the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures*, the *Protestant Religion* to be the best, &c. and hold many of these things so violently,

violently, that you prove them
 twenty or thirty pages together.
 I have therefore nothing to say to
 you, but only to let you know
 that I firmly believe all those things;
 and I believe besides (which is no
 more than the *rest of the world* do)
 that you are quite out of your *witts*,
 and are run away from your *keepers*.
 And therefore instead of read-
 ing your book, in the first place I
 advise you to shave very close all
 the haire off your Crown. You
 need not fear turning *Friar*, you
 may lay on an *antipapal* plaister, that
 shall certainly secure you. Then take
 away fifty or threescore ounces of
blood, at several times, according as
 it shall be found that you come to
 your self. If you make use of *Leeches*
 be sure that they be well cleans'd.
 If you purge, use very gentle things,
 such as Manna and Syrup of roses,
 which they give to *children* and *mad*
men. Till your distemper abates,
 avoid all strong meats, *Tobacco*,
 hot spices, and especially *Coffee*, for
 the

the powder has been sometimes observed to settle into a *Saracens* head at the bottom of the dish. And above all things have a great care of studying, or of writing of *Books*, till your head be better; and of sleeping upon your back. For the vapours will be apt to rise, and you'll dream of nothing but *invasions*, *inquisitions*, *gun-powder plotts*, *spiritual maskarados*, *Popery* and *Atheisme*. When you have observed, *Sir*, these directions for a while, and that your Brain be a little cool'd, I desire that you would look over your own Book again: and then I do not question, but that you'll freely forgive not only me, but all the rest of the world that can't read it.

T. B.

A
LETTER

TO

I. O.

From T. B



L O N D O N,

Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, for
Nathaniel Brooke, at the Sign of
the *Angel* in Cornhil, near the
Royal Exchange. 1672.

A
LETTER

TO

J. O.

From T. B.



L O N D O N

Printed by E. Tyle and W. Hale, for
W. Daniel Brooke, at the Sign of
the Angel in Cornhill near the
Royal Exchange. 1872.



A LETTER, &c.

S I R,

JUST as the foregoing *papers* were ready for the presse, I happen'd upon seven *Sermons* of *W. B's*, printed since his death. Before which, I found standing an *Epistle* to the *Reader* from your self; beginning with a very large and solemn commendation of the departed *Divine's* labours, both in *print* and *preaching*: that, think I, it is not for me to help: for some people take a delight to *commend* things only out of *spight*. But, reading a little further, I perceiv'd that, I must be pull'd in to thrust forward *W. B's* prayeses; or at least to defend his *writings* against those, that thought them

them very blameable, and good for little. For, say you, *this Reverend Author's labours have already praised him in the gate, and his name and memory will continue like a precious ointment, notwithstanding the vain endeavours of some to make both himself and his writings ridiculous: for there's a late Author (meaning I suppose T. B.) who shewes that there's as much folly in the preaching of the Conformists as of W. B. and such as are of his way.* Now, in the first place, I must desire you to unbelieve all that you have said: for, this is to let you know, that I was never able to shew any such thing at all, and that if I should go about it, my parts would not hold out to do it.

Some of you I believe, were not a little pleased with my *first Letter*: Taking me for a very hopeful and towardly *Fanatick* (which I could never give my mind to as yet, and I suppose never shall) and thought that my designe was to ballance the
impru-

imprudences of some of our *Clergy*,
 against the *follies* and *frenzy* of your
party. I tell you truly, I did en-
 deavour to relate very freely what
 I found *safer* and *judicious men* to
 blame amongst some of our *Preach-*
ers: but when you appoint me to
 make out, that such of our *Clergy*
 who are too painful in dividing of
 a *Text*, or too careless in choosing
 their *prefaces* &c. are to be com-
 pared with your *people*, who are
 not only full out as blameable in
 that *very kind*, but whose whole
 discourses under pretence of *inspi-*
ration and great acquaintance with
 the *Scriptures* &c. shall be nothing
 else but *madness* and *distracti-*
on, *noise*, *cheat*, and *words*; I must
 then tell you, that you give me a
 task so very unreasonable, as I am
 no ways able to perform it: and
 truly, I am the more unwilling to
 undertake it, because I am much
 discouraged by the late *writings* of
 two very learned and Worthy *Aut-*
hors;

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thor;

thors: viz. the *Friendly Debater*,
and *Ecclesiastical Policy*. Whom
you think fit, I perceive, in your
Epistle, to let pass for a couple of
pretty, phantasmal and witty men:
but I am afraid, now, you have to
your shame, so far felt the very
great weight of their judgements,
as well as the briskness of their
phantasies, that you'll scarce ever be
thoroughly reconciled again, either
to wit or understanding.

And truly, no body need much
to wonder why you should fear that
Religion it self would be contemned
and slighted by the practices of such
witty men. For, when you had
brought your self into notorious
disgrace by going about to reply to
Books, which neither your self nor
all your party was able to say
word to: then you thought of a
another answer: which was, that
you would e'en turn *Martyr*, and
be persecuted and suffer with *Religion*
it self; which you now found very
much

much to languish, being made ridiculous and contemptible by those very samemen, that had justly made you so.

Neither again is it at all strange, that you should esteem those same *Witty mens endeavours* to be in vain, because one may ghesse at the full reach and extent of your judgement by the commendations you give of those *Sermons*. Which though you hope (as you say) are free from all exception, yet he that looks but very little into them, will soon see that they are as full of *flowery Metaphors*, of *canting phrases* and *nonsensicall applications* of *Scripture*, as ever any Book was, that *W. B.* or any body else Printed. And because you think that *W. B.*'s *writings* are very sound in themselves, and only made *ridiculous* by *witty men*: therefore I shall only transcribe some few places by which it may appear, whether there's any need of *wit*, to help them to be *ridiculous*.

In the first place I offer to any mans Judgment (let him live as far off as he will, from the censorious Church of England, so he does but understand *sence*) whether it was at all prudent, modest, or reverential for W. B. to say, that none but God alone can rate off Satan: though he explains himself, and shews whence he had the Metaphor: as he does, thus: viz. If a great Dog or Mastiff be worrying a Child or a Sheep, a Stranger comes and strikes him, and calls him off, but the Dog takes no notice of him, but when the Master comes, he rates him off presently; none but the Master can do it. So here it is, none but God that can rate off Satan from worrying the poor drooping soul, when it is under temptation, none but God the Master.

I desire also to know by what Laws of Rhetorick he tells us, that there's a time when God will hew down sinners, and lay them upon the ground

a drying for hell : and that people that are upon God's Work must not pocket up ; And many such things which would be very harsh and nauseous to any person of understanding, and make him very loth to relie upon such a judgement as yours.

Neither do I think, that any Body will suddainly trust you again, for a recommender of Sermons, when he finds such idle and extravagant cantings ; as God's crossing of hands in our salvation, of reading of Graces, and gathering up of Evidences. Because 'tis said in Scripture that the last shall be first, and the first last : Therefore saies W. B. there's crossing of hands in our salvation ; and God doth cross hands in the matter of our comforts. When Jacob blessed Joseph's two children he cross his hands : so God when he comes to comfort does cross hands. We find sometimes that the greatest sinners are converted and soonest com-

sorted : Now what is this but crossing of hands in the matter of our comforts ; and whence is the free Grace of God more abundantly manifested to the soul , but by this crossing of hands. A rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of heaven ; and what is this but only to shew that God doth often cross hands in the matter of our salvation. Friends, stay but a little until the day of Judgement , and then you will see what crossing of hands there will be. Now when any body reads such idle stuff as this, I pray, Sir, do you think he need send for a witty man to make it ridiculous ?

Neither need the witty man be sent for to make him laugh at that which W. B. has concerning peoples reading of their Graces, viz. When a man is under great temptations, sorrows, and afflictions, it is a hard thing to read his Graces ; some will say they cannot read their Graces, they lie at the bottom : As to explain it,
take

take this plain comparison: There are many Fishes in a fish-pond, but now in rainy and foul weather the fish lie all at the bottom, and are not to be seen; but in fair weather the fish swim and are visible: So if it be foul weather upon a soul, if it be dark and gloomy weather, the Soul cannot read his Graces; but now when God shines upon him, then he is enabled to read them; yea though his Graces lie at the bottom, as I may say, yet the poor Soul is able to read them; and if it be so, it is no small thing, it is no small matter to read our Graces, our other Graces. And I believe the witty man may stay at home, and yet the Work will go on apace about gathering up of Evidences. You know (sayes your Reverend Divine) how it is with a Countrey man that makes hay; the hay lies abroad, and he sees a black cloud a coming, and he calls to his men to cock up, and gather up the hay: Why, look into the Nation, and see what a cloud is over

us, this calls upon the people of God to gather up their Evidences: Here is a black cloud over us; O all ye people of God, gather up your Evidences: that is, cock up for Heaven.

I am, Sir, in somewhat more than ordinary haste, or else I would a little further endeavour to make you think it more convenient to read *Books* better before you commend them, or at least not to challenge the *World* to find fault with them. However I cannot omit to take notice how strong *W. B's* parts were to his very dying day, at commanding and applying of *Scripture*.

I suppose, Sir, you could not but take special notice of that melting observation that your friend has concerning *Brotherly Love*, viz, that there are oftentimes breakings and loosings in the love of the Saints. But this is nothing in respect of that clear *Paraphrase* which from hence
he

he makes upon that of *St. John*: a new Commandement I give unto you, that you love one another: For says he, because many times there are breakings and loosings in the love of Saints, upon this accompt it is, that the Commandement of Love is called a new Commandement, because it is broken so often, and so often renewed again. I would by all means have you endeavour to get *Mr. Poole* to enter down this note of your friends, when he comes at *St. John*: for this will certainly add very much to the preciousness of his name and memory.

Neither ought he to be forgotten, neither I believe will he, for pouring forth such abundance of Scripture History upon one Observation, which he makes in his seventh Sermon, viz. those that intend to honour God must go forth and meet God; Abraham and Lot intended to honour the Angel, and therefore they went forth to meet him; Joseph would ho-
nour

*your his Father Jacob, and therefore
 he went forth to meet him. Moses
 would honour his Father Jethro, and
 therefore he went forth to meet him;
 Abigail would honour David, and
 therefore she went forth to meet him:
 Martha would honour Christ, and
 therefore went out to meet him: Cor-
 nelius and the believing Romans
 would honour Paul, and therefore
 they went forth to meet him. And so
 if a man be coming to your house, if you
 would honour him, you go forth to
 meet him: And so if a man intend to
 honour God (thereby intending to
 prevent his Judgements) you must
 take up your Cudgel and Gloves,
 and troop out and meet the Lord.*

*Now, Sir, as I told you just now,
 I am in haste; but I must stay to
 tell you that as I always looked up-
 on W. B. to be very sickly and crazy,
 so I think you are stark mad, for
 being an occasion that any such Ser-
 mons as these should be sent into the
 World: And yet for all this, I am
 willing*

willing to extend my charity as far
as you do yours; and to believe that
W. B. is in *Heaven*; but not, as you
imagine, by vertue of his *preached*
or *printed Sermons*; and I also hope
that you may follow him thither;
but by no means, because you have
recommended this *Book*.

T. B.

F I N I S.

[1833]

William, I extend my claims to the
as soon to your, and to believe that
we have the history of the world
in our hands, by virtue of the
of your services; and I also hope
that you may follow him together;
but by no means, because you have
recommended the same.

T. A.

FINIS

